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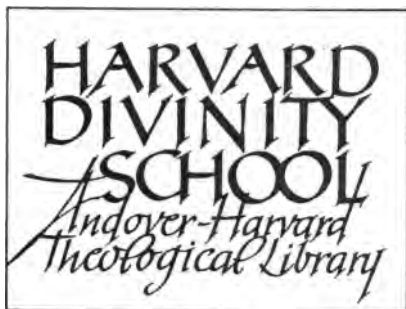
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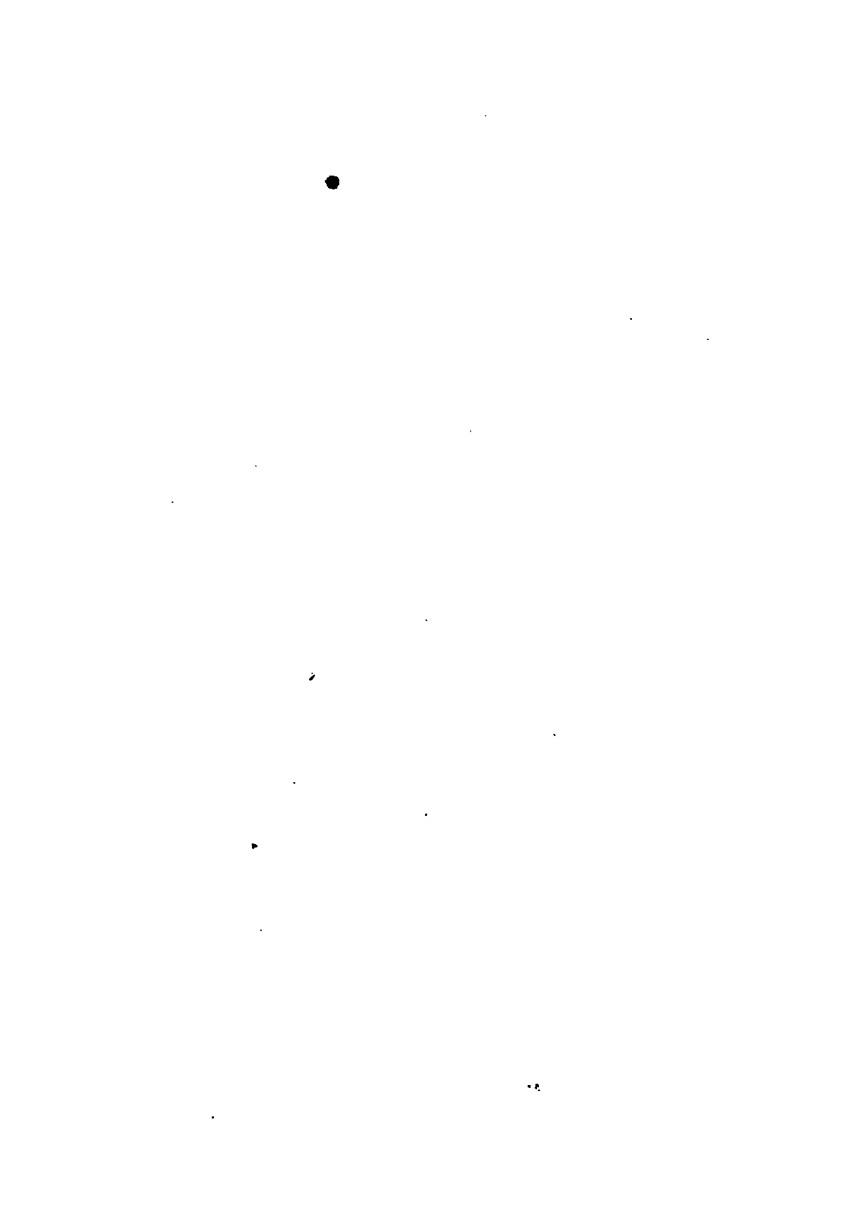




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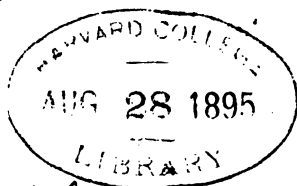
SECOND EDITION.

L O N D O N :
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NOTE.

The Daily Hymns are for use when no others are assigned.

For Sundays and Holydays another Evening Hymn is given; and also a Hymn to be sung before the Litany, and an Introit or Psalm before the Communion.

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PRAYER BEFORE SERVICE.

Open my lips, O Lord, to bless Thy holy Name. Make my heart clear of all weak, wandering, and alien thoughts; kindle mine affections, enlighten mine understanding, that I may worthily, intently, and devoutly join in this holy office, and my voice be heard before the throne of Thy heavenly Majesty, through Christ our Lord.

To which add in the Morning.—And let the glorious Majesty of the Lord our God be upon us, prosper Thou the work of our hands upon us, O prosper Thou our handy-work.

And in the Evening.—And let my prayer be set forth in Thy sight as the incense, and let the lifting up of mine hands be an evening sacrifice.

PRAYER AFTER SERVICE.

O Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, One God, sanctify and receive my prayers; forgive my failing thought, my faltering voice; help me, for without Thee I cannot please Thee; and strengthen me henceforth daily. Suffer me in no wise to fall away from Thee, by day or night, neither in pain nor mirth. O Jesu, intercede for me now and in the hour of death.

To which add in the Morning.—And remember, O Lord, for good my parents, my brethren, my benefactors, and beloved friends; all that are present with me in this house of prayer, and them also that are not cleansed according to the preparation of Thy sanctuary.

And in the Evening.—Into Thy hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit, for Thou hast redeemed us O Lord, Thou God of Truth. Save us, Lord, waking and defend us sleeping, that we may watch with Christ and rest in peace.

4



H Y M N S .

S U N D A Y.

MORNING.

Morn of morns, and day of days,
Silent as the morning's rays,
From the sepulchre's dark prison,
Christ the Light of lights hath risen.

He commanded, and His word
Death and the dread chaos heard :
We, O shame ! more deaf than they
In the chains of darkness stay.

Nature 'neath the shadow lies ;
Let the sons of light arise,
All throughout the stillness deep,
Holy symphonies to keep.

While the dead world sleeps around
Let the sacred temples sound ;
Law and prophet and blest psalm,
Lit with holy light so calm.

Thus to hearts in slumber weak
Let the heavenly trumpet speak ;
And, like streaks of early morn,
New ways mark the newly-born.

Grant us this, and with us be,
Sole Fount of all charity,
Thou Who dost the Spirit give,
Bidding the dead letter live.

Equal praise to Father, Son,
And to Thee, the Holy One,
By Whose quickening Breath divine
Our dull spirits burn and shine. Amen.

EVENING.

All praise to Thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light ;
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings !
Beneath Thine own Almighty wings !

Forgive me, Lord ! for Thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done ;
That with the world, myself, and Thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.


Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed ;
To die, that this vile body may
Rise glorious at the awful day.

O may my soul on Thee repose,
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close ;
Sleep that may me more vigorous make,
To serve my God when I awake.

When in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply ;
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.

O, may my guardian, while I sleep,
Close to my bed his vigils keep ;
His love angelical instil,
Stop all the avenues of ill.

May he celestial joys rehearse
And thought to thought with me converse ;
Or in my stead, all the night long,
Sing to my God a grateful song.



Praise God from Whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him all creatures here below,
Praise Him above ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Amen

M O N D A Y .

MORNING.

In Summer.

Awake, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run :
Shake off dull sloth and joyful rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

Thy precious time misspent redeem ;
Each present day thy last esteem ;
Improve thy talents with due care ;
For the great day thyself prepare.

In all thy converse be sincere,
Keep conscience as the noon-tide clear :
Think how All-seeing God thy ways
And all thy secret thoughts surveys.

Wake and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the Angels bear thy part,
Who all night long unwearied sing,
High praise to the Eternal King.

I wake, I wake, ye heavenly choir ;
May your devotion me inspire,
That I like you my age may spend,
Like you may on my God attend.

May I like you in God delight,
Have all day long my God in sight,
Perform, like you, my Maker's will,
O may I never more do ill !

Praise God from Whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him all creatures here below,
Praise Him above ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Amen.

In Winter.

Awake, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run :
Shake off dull sloth and joyful rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

All praise to Thee, Who safe hast kept,
And hast refreshed me while I slept :
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless life partake.

Shine on me, Lord, new life impart,
Fresh ardours kindle in my heart :

One ray of Thy all-quickenning light
Dispels the sloth and clouds of night.

Lord, I my vows to Thee renew ;
Disperse my sins as morning dew,
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with Thyself my spirit fill.

Direct, control, suggest, this day,
All I design, or do, or say ;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In Thy sole glory may unite.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow ;
Praise Him, all creatures here below ;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host ;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Amen

EVENING.

How sweet the days, O Lord, are sped,
When brethren, owning Christ their Head,
From Whom they live, on Whom they feed,
Are one in Spirit and in deed.

How sweet to Thee in purest lays
High lauds beneath one roof to raise ;
With banded prayers like valiant men
To storm Heaven-gate, and entrance win.

O love we this fair home, nor cease
To work her weal in busy peace !
" O woe to him that will not fear
To scatter seeds of discord here ! "

Yet every loss to gain shall turn
For hearts that Christ in all discern ;
Who fiercer fights is fairer crowned,
And foes deal honour with the wound.


More fell by far the flattering tongue
That saps the breast with secret wrong,
And sliding in unheeded slays
The soul with sweets of poisoned praise.

Grant us to live, blest Trinity,
In sweet exchange of Charity,
And lighten each his brother's load,
Treading the heavenward, homeward road.
Amen.

TUESDAY.

MORNING.

Lo ! the golden light is peering,
Let the dimness fleet away,
Which so long hath kept us veering
From the narrow path astray.



May the morn, sweet calmness breathing,
Keep us, morn-like, chaste and pure ;
In our lips no falsehood sheathing,
In our hearts no sin obscure.

So the day, all smoothly gliding,
May preserve our tongue from guile,
Eyes from wandering, feet from sliding,
Hands from aught that can defile.

All day long an eye is o'er us,
Which our every secret knows,
Sees our every step before us,
From first morn till evening's close.

To the Father lauds unending,
To the Son and Spirit blest,
Still from age to age ascending,
Be throughout all worlds addrest. Am

EVENING.

In Summer.

Ere darkling wanes the day,
O all-enlightening Lord,
For pity and for love, we pray,
Be Thou our watch and ward.

Unhallowed dreams dispel,
Of wandering fancy born,
From ghostly malice shield us well
In stainless sleep till morn.

O Father, hear us pray,
Hear us, O Son and Lord,
Hear, Holy Ghost, who art for aye
With Sire and Son adored. Amen.

In Winter.

Abide with me ; fast falls the eventide ;
The darkness deepens ; Lord, with me abide ;
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me.

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day ;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away ;
Change and decay in all around I see ;
O Thou Who changest not, abide with me.

I need Thy presence every passing hour ;
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power ?
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be ?
Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me.

I fear no foe with Thee at hand to bless ;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness ;
Where is death's sting, where, grave, thy victory ?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

Hold Thou Thy Cross before my closing eyes ;
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies ;
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows
flee,
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me. Amen.

W E D N E S D A Y .

MORNING.

In Summer.

Fellow of the Father's light,
Light of Light, and Day most bright,
Christ, Thou stirrer of the heart,
Would we were to life convert.

Reach Thy hand that we may rise,
And our minds so exercise,
That devoutly we may sing
Praise of God with thanksgiving.

Sing His praise, and singing say
"Blessed be my Lord alway ;"
Say, and saying sing for ever
"Jesu did my soul deliver."

Tongue, and heart, and strength, and sense,
Laud they Thy magnificence ;
Let Thy Spirit of Charity
Stir us all to worship Thee.


Glory to the Father be,
To the Son give glory free,
Glory to the Spirit pour
Henceforth and for evermore. Amen.

In Winter.

Night, and clouds in darkness sailing,
This world's chaos, wild and drear,—
Light is entering, heaven unveiling,
Christ is coming ;—disappear. .

Heaven's dark pall in sunder falleth,
By the sun's bright arrow struck ;
Earth her thousand hues recalleth
At his all-enlightening look.

Thee, true Sun, alone adore we,
Thee with pure and single heart,
Thee with plaintive chant implore we,
O'er our souls Thy flame to dart.



Many a spot, our bosoms staining,
Must Thy brightness cleanse away ;
Thou, the Angels' Light unwaning,
Look on us, and make it day.

To the Father lauds unending,
To the Son and Spirit blest,
Still from age to age ascending,
Be throughout all worlds address. Amen

EVENING.

Sun of my soul ! Thou Saviour dear, -
It is not night, if Thou be near :
O may no earth-born cloud arise,
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes !

When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast !

Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live :
Abide with me, when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

If some poor wandering child of Thine
Have spurned to-day the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin,
Let him no more lie down in sin.

Watch by the sick ; enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless store :
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take ;
Till in the ocean of Thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

Praise to the Father, and the Son,
And Holy Spirit, Three in One ;
Eternal praise to each be given
By all on earth and all in heaven. Amen.

THURSDAY.

MORNING.

O timely happy, timely wise,
Hearts that with rising morn arise !
Eyes that the beam celestial view,
Which evermore makes all things new !

New every morning is the love
Our wakening and uprising prove ;
Through sleep and darkness safely brought,
Restored to life, and power, and thought.

New mercies, each returning day,
Hover around us while we pray ;
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.

If on our daily course our mind
Be set to hallow all we find,
New treasures still of countless price
God will provide for sacrifice.

Only, O Lord, in Thy dear love
Fit us for perfect rest above ;
And help us this and every day
To live more nearly as we pray.

Praise God from Whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him all creatures here below,
Praise Him above ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Amen.

EVENING.

In Summer.

God, of all the Strength and Stay,
Who, unmoved, dost motion sway,
Dost the daylight hours divide,
And in due succession guide ;

Give at eve Thy sunshine bright,
Shed o'er death Thine holy light ;
So our day may ne'er go down,
So our life may glory crown.

Gracious Father, grant this boon ;
Grant it, sole co-equal Son,
With the Spirit, throned on high,
God through all eternity. Amen.

In Winter.

The fiery sun is gone ;
O never-waning Light,
All-holy Three, thrice blessed One,
Shed forth Thy Presence bright.

To Thee our lauds at morn,
Our vespers rise at even,
O grant us, hence by Angels borne,
To join the chant of heaven.

To the Great Father, Son,
And Holy Spirit blest,
As in old time, while ages run,
All glory be address. Amen.

FRIDAY.

MORNING.

To Christ, the Prince of Peace,
And Son of God most high,
The Father of the world to come,
Sing we with holy joy.

Deep in His heart for us
The wound of love He bore;
That love, which still He kindles in
The hearts that Him adore.

O Jesu! Victim blest!
What else but love divine
Could Thee constrain to open thus
That sacred heart of Thine?

O Fount of endless life,
O Spring of waters clear,
O Flame celestial, cleansing all
That unto Thee draw near.

Hide me in Thy dear heart,
For thither do I fly,
There seek Thy grace through life, in death
Thine immortality.

Praise to the Father be,
Praise to His only Son ;
Praise to the blessed Paraclete,
While endless ages run. Amen.

EVENING.

In Summer.

Now the day's declining wheel
Doth to night's dim cavern roll ;
Thus hours, days, and seasons steal,—
Life is hurrying to the goal.

Christ, Who, nailed to Thy Cross,
Callest us to Thee to fly,
Make us count this world but dross,
Be it ours in Thee to die.

To the Father glory be,
With His sole co-equal Son,
In the Spirit's unity,
Ever blessed Three in One. Amen.

In Winter.

O Blessed Saviour, Lord of all,
Vouchsafe to hear us when we call;
And now to those propitious be,
Who in prayer do bow to Thee,
Still to be kept from misery.

Great Ruler of the day and night,
Thou on our darkness cast Thy light;
And let Thy Passion pardon win
For what we have offended in,
Or thought, or word, or deed of sin.

And, as Thy mercy wipes away
What we have done amiss to-day,
So, now the night returns again,
Our bodies and our souls refrain
From being soiled with sinful stain.

Let not dull sleep oppress our eyes,
Nor us the enemy surprise;
Nor fearful dreams our minds affright,
While the deep blackness of the night
Withholds from us the cheerful light.

To Thee, Who dost by rest renew
Our wasted strength, we humbly sue,
That, when we shall unclothe our eyes,
All pure and chaste we may arise
And make our morning sacrifice.

All honour, Lord, to Thee be done,
O Thou, the blessed Virgin's Son,
With the Father and the Spirit,
As is Thine eternal merit
Ever and ever to inherit. Amen.

SATURDAY.

MORNING.

O Jesu, Lord of heavenly grace,
Thou Brightness of Thy Father's face,
Thou Fountain of Eternal Light,
Who scatterest all the shades of night;

Come, holy Sun of heavenly love,
Shower down Thy radiance from above,
Till on our inward hearts shall stream
The Holy Spirit's cloudless beam.

All-hallowed be the new-born day!
Let meekness be our morning ray,
And faithful love our noonday light,
And hope our sunset, calm and bright!

O Christ, with each returning morn
Thine image to our hearts is borne ;
O may we ever clearly see
The way, the truth, the life, in Thee !

Praise God from whom all blessings flow ;
Praise Him, all creatures here below ;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host ;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Am

EVENING.

The splendours of Thy glory, Lord,
Hath no man seen nor known ;
And highest angels veil their eyes
Before Thy shining Throne.

Here we in darkness sit forlorn,
Death's shade upon us lies ;
But night will wane and o'er our heads
The eternal dayspring rise.

So bright a day for us prepared
For us Thou hast in store,
That this all-glorious sun shall fade
Its sevenfold light before.

But ah ! too long thou lingerest,
Thou long-expected day,
And ere we see thee we must cast
This mortal coil away.

But when her bonds are rent, my God,
My soul to Thee shall soar,
And see Thy Face and praise Thee well
And love Thee evermore.

Grant us Thy peace, Blest Trinity,
Fair love and saintly might ;
And for this dim and fleeting day
Give us immortal light. Amen.

NOTE.—There are Proper Hymns for the Saturday Evenings before the First Sunday in Advent, Septuagesima Sunday, the Fifth Sunday in Lent, Easter Sunday, Whitsunday, and Trinity Sunday.

TWILIGHT HYMN.

“When he lighteth the lamps at even he shall burn incense upon it; a perpetual incense before the Lord, throughout your generations.”

Now the stars are lit in heaven
We must light our lamps on earth ;
Every star a signal given
From the God of our new birth ;
Every lamp an answer faint,
Like the prayer of mortal saint.

Mark the hour, and turn this way
Sons of Israel, far and near,
Wearied with the world's dim day
Turn to Him Whose eyes are here,
Open, watching day and night,
Beaming unapproached light !
Watchers of the sacred flame,
Sons of Aaron ! serve in fear ;
Deadly is the Avenger's aim,
Should the unhallowed enter here ;
Keen His fires, should recreants dare
Breathe the pure and fragrant air.
There is One will bless your toil,
He who comes in heaven's attire,
Morn by morn with holy oil,
Eve by eve with holy fire,
Pray ! your prayer will be allowed
Mingling with His incense cloud.

TWILIGHT HYMN,

OR, "CANDLE-HYMN OF THE ANCIENT CHRISTIANS."

Gladdening Light, all-glorious Fire
Of the everlasting Sire !
Jesu Christ, Thou blessed Son
Of the Heavenly Holy One.

Sinks to rest the sunlight dim,
Shine the lights of eve abroad ;
Wherefore Sire and Son we hymn,
And the Holy Ghost of God.

At all seasons, through all time,
Worthy art Thou to be sung,
With the sweet according chime
Of full many a hallowed tongue.

Son of God, Who life dost give
Whereby all the world doth live,
Thee the world doth praise and bless,
Glorious in Thy holiness. Amen.

Or this,

O Goodly Light of the Holy Glory
Of the immortal Father of Heaven,
Holy and Blessed,

O Jesu Christ :

We are come to the sunset,
We have seen the evening light,
And we praise the Father and Son
And Holy Spirit of God :

Worthy art Thou at all times
To be praised by pure voices,
Son of God, That givest life :

Therefore the world glorifieth Thee. Amen.

FIRST SUNDAY IN ADVENT.

*EVENING, from the Evening before the First
Sunday in Advent until Christmas Eve.*

Great God ! what do I see and hear ?

The end of things created !

The Judge of mankind doth appear,

On clouds of glory seated !

The trumpet sounds, the graves restore

The dead which they contained before ;—

Prepare, my soul, to meet Him !

The dead in Christ shall first arise,

At the last trumpet's sounding,

Caught up to meet Him in the skies,

With joy their Lord surrounding.

• No gloomy fears their souls dismay,

His presence sheds eternal day

On those prepared to meet Him.

But sinners, filled with guilty fears,

Behold His wrath prevailing ;

For they shall rise, and find their tears

And sighs are unavailing :

The day of grace is past and gone ;

Trembling they stand before the throne,

All unprepared to meet Him.

Great God ! to Thee my prayers I pour,
In sight of judgment quailing ;
Be Thou my strength in that dread hour
When flesh and heart are failing ;
Let perfect love cast out all fear ;
So may I, when the Judge is near,
With joy go forth to meet Him. Amen.

MORNING, and through the week.

Hark ! an awful voice is thrilling,
And each dim and winding way
Of the ancient Temple filling,
“ Christ is near ! ” it seems to say.
Startled at the solemn warning
Let the earth-bound soul arise ;
Christ, her Sun, all sloth dispelling,
Shines upon the morning skies.
Lo ! the Lamb, so long expected,
Comes with pardon down from heaven ;
Let us haste with tears of sorrow
One and all to be forgiven.
So, when next He comes with glory,
Wrapping all the earth in fear,
May He then, as our Defender,
On the clouds of heaven appear.

Honour, glory, virtue, merit,
To the Father and the Son,
With the good and gracious Spirit,
While eternal ages run! Amen.

BEFORE THE LITANY.

Dies Iræ.

Day of Doom, the last and greatest,
Which the waning world awaitest,
Sung by earliest seers and latest.
How shall all men faint for fearing,
When the Judgment Sign appearing
Bids the world to that great hearing :
When, the grave's long silence breaking,
Peals the trump the nations waking
Round the Throne to muster quaking.
Earth herself and Death affrighted
Open fast their dens benighted,
That the souls may be requited.
Forth are borne the heavy pages
Of the records of all ages,
All men's deeds and all men's wages.
Then the Judge in solemn session
Drags to day each dark confession,
Dooms each vainly veil'd transgression.

Who is me, for who shall hear me ?
What kind saint from Judgment bear me,
While the just stand trembling near me ?

Thou, the King of that dread splendour,
Art the sinners' sole Defender :
Save Thou me, Thou King most tender.

Wrought for me and my salvation
Was Thy lowliest incarnation :
Canst Thou speak my condemnation ?

Thou hast sought me weary, sighing ;
Thou hast bought me by Thy dying ;
Save me, on Thy pains relying.

Righteous Judge to save or slay me,
Free of my offences make me
Ere the reck'ning Day o'ertake me.

Sin and shame upon me turning
Brand my brow with guilty burning ;
Pity me for pity yearning.

By the Magdalene forgiven,
By the dying Robber shriven,
E'en to me a hope is given.

Judgment halteth not for weeping ;
Yet, Thy death's dear merits reaping,
Save me from the fire unsleeping.

From the goats Thy suppliant sever ;
With Thy sheep my soul deliver,
Safe at Thy right hand for ever.

When Thy face from them is hidden,
When the accurst to flames are chidden,
Let me to Thy house be bidden.

Day of tears and bitter mourning,
When mankind from this world's burning
Rise to sorrow or salvation !
Lord, receive my supplication—
Jesu, Saviour of the world,
Grant us everlasting rest. Amen.

SECOND SUNDAY IN ADVENT.

MORNING, and through the week.

Lo ! He comes with clouds descending,
Once for favoured sinners slain ;
Thousand thousand saints attending
Swell the triumph of His train.
Alleluia !
Christ is come to earth again.

Every eye shall now behold Him
Robed in dreadful majesty ;
Those who set at nought and sold Him,
Pierced and nailed Him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see.

The dear tokens of His Passion
Still His dazzling Body bears ;
Cause of endless exultation
To His ransomed worshippers ;
With what rapture
Gaze we on those glorious scars !

Every island, sea and mountain,
Heaven and earth shall flee away ;
All who hate Him must confounded
Hear the summons of that day.
Come to judgment !
Come to judgment ! Come away !

Blest Redemption long expected !
Lo ! His solemn pomp to share
All His saints, by man rejected,
Rise to meet Him in the air,
Alleluia !
Angels, Martyrs, all are there.

Yea, Amen! let all adore Thee
High on Thine eternal throne;
Saviour, take the power and glory;
Make Thy righteous sentence known!
O come quickly!
Claim the kingdom for Thine own! Amen.

BEFORE THE LITANY *as on the First Sunday in Advent, p. 26.*

EVENING *as on the First Sunday in Advent, p. 24.*

THIRD SUNDAY IN ADVENT.

MORNING, *and through the week.*

When Christ the Lord would come on earth
His messenger before Him went;
The greatest born of mortal birth
And charged with words of deep intent.

The least of all that here attend
Hath honour greater far than he;
He was the Bridegroom's joyful friend,
His body and His spouse are we.

A higher race, the sons of light,
Of water and the Spirit born;
He the last star of parting night,
And we the children of the morn.

And as he boldly spake Thy word
And joyed to hear the Bridegroom's voice,
Thus may Thy pastors teach, O Lord,
And thus Thy listening church rejoice.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom heaven and earth adore,
Be glory as it was of old,
Is now, and shall be evermore! Amen.

BEFORE THE LITANY as on the First Sunday in Advent, p. 26.

EVENING as on the First Sunday, p. 24.

FOURTH SUNDAY IN ADVENT.

MORNING, and until Christmas Day.

Hark! the glad sound! the Saviour comes,
The Saviour promised long;
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.

He comes the prisoners to release
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before Him break,
The iron fetters yield.

He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The wounded soul to cure,
And with the tidings of his grace
To enrich the humble poor.

Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim ;
And heaven's exalted arches ring
With Thy beloved Name. Amen.

BEFORE THE LITANY *as on the First Sunday in Advent, p. 26.*
EVENING *as on the First Sunday, p. 24, until Christmas Eve.*

CHRISTMAS EVE.

EVENING.

While shepherds watched their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The Angel of the Lord came down
And glory shone around :

"Fear not," said he, for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind ;
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind ;

“ To you in David’s town, this day,
Is born, of David’s line,
The Saviour, Who is Christ the Lord,
And this shall be the sign :

“ The heavenly Babe you there shall find
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapt in swathing-bands,
And in a manger laid.”

Thus spake the Seraph, and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels, praising God, and thus
Addressed their joyful song :

“ All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace ;
Good will henceforth from Heaven to men
Begin, and never cease !”

Jesu, the Virgin-mother’s Son,
To Thee all glory be,
With Father, Spirit, Three in One,
Through all eternity. Amen.

CHRISTMAS DAY,

*And until the Epiphany, except when there are
other Proper Hymns.*

MORNING.

From far sunrise at early morn
To earth's remotest ring,
Of Mary, Virgin-mother, born,
We carol Christ our King.

Lo the great Maker of the world,
Lord of eternal years,
To save His creatures veiled beneath
A creature's form appears.

A manger scanty strewn with hay
Becomes the Eternal's bed,
And He Who feeds each smallest bird
Himself with milk is fed.

The heavenly hosts His birth-day keep,
The angels round Him sing,
The shepherds view with wonder deep
Earth's Shepherd, Lord, and King.

Jesu, the Virgin-mother's Son,
To Thee all glory be,
With Father, Spirit, Three in One,
Through all eternity. Amen.

BEFORE THE LITANY.

Adeste Fideles.

Ye faithful, approach ye,
Joyfully triumphing ;
O come ye, O come ye, to Bethlehem ;
Come and behold Him
Born the King of Angels :
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord.

God of God,
Light of Light,
Lo, He abhors not the Virgin's womb ;
Very God,
Begotten, not created ;
O come, let us adore Him, &c.

Sing, Choirs of Angels,
Sing in exultation,
Sing, all ye citizens of Heaven above,
Glory to God
In the highest :
O come, let us adore Him, &c.

Yea, Lord, we greet Thee,
Born this happy morning ;
Jesus, to Thee be glory given
Word of the Father
Late in flesh appearing :
O come, let us adore Him, &c. Amen.

EVENING.

Hark ! the herald Angels sing,
Glory to the new-born King !
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconcil'd !
Joyful all ye nations rise,
Join the triumph of the skies :
With the Angelic host proclaim,
Christ is born in Bethlehem !
Hark ! the herald Angels sing,
Glory to the new-born King !

Christ, by highest Heaven adored,
Christ the everlasting Lord,
Late in time behold Him come,
Offspring of a Virgin's womb !

Veiled in flesh the Godhead see,
Hail the Incarnate Deity !
Pleased as man with man appear,
Jesus our Immanuel here.

Hark ! the herald Angels sing,
Glory to the new-born King !

Hail the heaven-born Prince of Peace !
Hail the Sun of Righteousness !
Light and life to all He brings,
Risen with healing in His wings :
Mild He lays His glory by,
Born that man no more may die :
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth.

Hark ! the herald Angels sing,
Glory to the new-born King ! Amen.

ST. STEPHEN'S DAY.

MORNING.

Rightful Prince of Martyrs thou,
Bind thy crown about thy brow ;
Fairer far than fading wreath
Weave we this thy crown of death.

Like a gem each rugged stone,
Sparkling with thy life-blood, shone ;
Nor could stars more brightly shine
Studded round thy head divine.

From thy forehead's gushing streams
Dart a thousand blending beams,
Till thy glowing countenance
Lightens to an Angel's glance.

Thou the first-slain victim free
To Him, the Victim slain for thee ;
Thou the first thy Lord to own,
Sharer of His thorny crown.

First to tread the pointed road
Through the deep Red Sea of Blood :
Prince of Martyrs, thee behind
What a countless army wind !

Thou of Virgin-mother born,
In this wintry world forlorn,
Jesu, Lord, all praise to Thee :
All glory be to Father, Son,
And Holy Spirit, Three in One,
Unto all eternity. Amen.

BEFORE THE LITANY, *if used*, "The Son of God goes forth
to war," p. 177.

EVENING, "How happy the mortal," p. 175.

ST. JOHN THE EVANGELIST'S DAY.

MORNING.

The life which God's Incarnate Word
Lived here below with men,
Three blest Evangelists record,
With Heaven-inspired pen :

John penetrates on eagle wing
The Father's dread abode ;
And shows the mystery wherein
The Word subsists with God.

Pure Saint ! upon his Saviour's breast
Invited to recline,
'Twas thence he drew, in moments blest,
His knowledge all divine :

There too, with that angelic love
Did he his bosom fill,
Which, once enkindled from above,
Breathes in his pages still.

O, dear to Christ ! to thee upon
His cross, of all bereft,
Thou virgin soul, the Virgin Son
His Virgin-mother left.

To Jesus, born of Virgin bright,
 Praise with the Father be ;
 Praise to the Spirit Paraclete,
 Through all eternity. Amen.

BEFORE THE LITANY, *if used*, "Blessed City Heavenly
 Salem," p. 190.

EVENING.

An exile for the Faith
 Of thy Incarnate Lord,
 Beyond the stars, beyond all space
 Thy soul unprison'd soar'd :

There saw in glory Him
 Who liveth, and was dead ;
 There Juda's Lion, and the Lamb
 That for our ransom bled :

There of the kingdom learnt
 The mysteries sublime ;—
 How, sown in martyrs' blood, the Faith
 Should spread from clime to clime.

There the new city, bath'd
 In her dear Spouse's light,
 Pure seat of bliss, thy spirit saw,
 And gloried in the sight.

Now to the Lamb's clear fount,
To drink of life their fill,
Thou callest all;—O Lord! in me
This blessed thirst instil.

To Jesus, Virgin-born,
Praise with the Father be;
Praise to the Spirit Paraclete,
Through all eternity. Amen.

HOLY INNOCENTS' DAY.

MORNING AND EVENING.

Lovely flowers of martyrs, hail!
Smitten by the tyrant foe
On life's threshold,—as the gale
Strews the roses ere they blow.

First to die for Christ, sweet lambs
At the very altar ye,
With your fatal crowns and palms,
Sport in your simplicity.

Honour, glory, virtue, merit,
Be to Thee, O Virgin's Son!
With the FATHER, and the SPIRIT,
While eternal ages run! Amen.

BEFORE THE LITANY, *if used.*

O weep not o'er thy children's tomb !

O Rachel, weep not so :

The bud is cropt by martyrdom,

The flower in heaven shall blow !

Firstlings of faith ! the murderer's knife

Has missed its deadliest aim :

The God for Whom they gave their life,

For them to suffer came.

Though feeble were their days and few,

Baptized in blood and pain,

He knows them, Whom they never knew,

And they shall live again.

Then weep not o'er thy children's tomb,

O Rachel, weep not so !

The bud is cropt by martyrdom ;

The flower in heaven shall blow.

To Jesu, born of Virgin bright,

Praise with the Father be ;

Praise to the Spirit Paraclete,

Through all eternity. Amen.

THE SUNDAY AFTER CHRISTMAS-DAY

The Hymns as on Christmas-Day.

THE CIRCUMCISION OF CHRIST.

EVENING BEFORE.

The year begins with Thee,
And Thou beginn'st with woe,
To let the world of sinners see
That blood for sin must flow.

Thy infant cries, O Lord,
Thy tears upon the breast,
Are not enough—the legal sword
Must do its stern behest.

By Blood and Water too,
God's mark is set on Thee,
That in Thee every faithful view
Both covenants may see.

Art thou a child of tears,
Cradled in care and woe?
And seems it hard, thy vernal years
Few vernal joys can show?

And fall the sounds of mirth
Sad on thy lonely heart,
From all the hopes and charms of earth
Untimely call'd to part?

Look here, and hold thy peace :
The Giver of all good
Even from the womb takes no release
From suffering, tears, and blood.

If thou would'st reap in love
First sow in holy fear :
So life a winter's morn may prove
To a bright endless year.

To Jesus, Virgin-born,
Praise with the Father be ;
Praise to the Spirit Paraclete
Through all eternity. Amen.

MORNING.

O happy day, when first was poured
The blood of our atoning Lord !
O happy day, when first began
His sufferings borne for sinful man !

Just entered on this world of woe,
His infant blood begins to flow ;
His future death was thus exprest,
And thus His early love confessed.

From heaven descending to fulfil
The mandate of His Father's will,
E'en now behold the Victim lie,
The Lamb of God, ere long to die.

Beneath the knife behold the Child,
The innocent, the undefiled :
For captives He the ransom pays,
For lawless man the law obeys.

Lord, circumcise our hearts, we pray,
Our fleshly natures purge away ;
Thy Name, Thy likeness, may they bear ;
Yea, stamp Thy holy image there !

The Father's Name we loudly raise ;
The Son, the Virgin-born, we praise ;
The Holy Ghost we all adore ;
One God, both now and evermore. Amen.

BEFORE THE LITANY, *if used, as on Christmas-Day, p. 35.*

EVENING, "The year begins with Thee," *p. 43.*

SECOND SUNDAY AFTER CHRISTMAS.

All as on the Circumcision.

THE EPIPHANY.

EVENING BEFORE, *and through the Week.*

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness and lend us Thine aid !
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid !

Cold on His cradle the dew drops are shining,
Low lies His head with the beasts of the stall ;
Angels adore Him in slumber reclining,
Maker and Monarch and Saviour of all !—

Say, shall we yield Him in costly devotion,
Odours of Edom, and offerings divine,
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the mine ?

Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gifts would His favour secure ;
Richer by far is the heart's adoration ;
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning
Dawn on our darkness and lend us Thine aid !
Star of the east, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our Infant Redeemer is laid !

Amen.

MORNING, *and through the Week.*


Bethlehem ! of noblest cities
None can once with thee compare ;
Thou alone the Lord from heaven
Didst for us incarnate bear.

Fairer than the sun at morning
Was the star that told His birth ;
To the lands their God announcing,
Hid beneath a form of earth.

By its lambent beauty guided,
See, the eastern kings appear ;
See them bend, their gifts to offer,—
Gifts of incense, gold, and myrrh,

Offerings of mystic meaning !—
Incense doth the God disclose ;
Gold a royal Child proclaimeth ;
Myrrh a future tomb foreshews.

Holy Jesu ! in Thy brightness
To the Gentile world displayed,
With the Father and the Spirit.
Endless praise to Thee be paid ! Amen.



BEFORE THE LITANY, *if used.*

Psalm xlv.

O Fairest of all men,
Thy speech is pleasant pure,
For God hath blessed Thee with gifts
For ever to endure.

Thy Royal seat, O Lord,
For ever shall remain,
Because the sceptre of Thy realm
Doth righteousness maintain.

Because Thou lovest the right,
And dost the ill detest,
Therefore hath God anointed Thee
With joy above the rest.

With myrrh and savours sweet
Thy clothes are all bespread;
When Thou dost from Thy palace pass
Therein to make Thee glad.

The daughter of the King
Is glorious to behold;
Within her closet she doth sit
All decked in beaten gold.

O daughter, take good heed,
Incline, and give good ear ;
Thou must forget thy kindred all
And father's house most dear.

Instead of parents left,
O Queen, thy chance so stands,
Thou shalt have sons whom thou may'st set
As princes in all lands.

Wherefore Thy holy Name
All ages shall record ;
The people shall give thanks to Thee
For evermore, O Lord. Amen.

-

FIRST SUNDAY AFTER THE EPIPHANY.

MORNING, "Bethlehem of noblest cities," *p.* 47.

BEFORE THE LITANY, "O Fairest of all men," *p.* 48.

EVENING.

In stature grows the heavenly Child
With death before His eyes ;
A Lamb unblemished, meek and mild,
Prepared for Sacrifice.

50 SECOND SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY.

The Son of God His glory hides
 With parents mean and poor :
And He Who made the heavens abides
 In dwelling-place obscure.
Those mighty hands that stay the sky
 No earthly toil refuse,
And He Who set the stars on high
 An humble trade pursues.
He Whom the choirs of Angels praise,
 At Whose command they fly,
His earthly parents now obeys
 And lays His glory by.
The Father's Name we loudly raise,
 The Son we all adore,
The Holy Ghost, One God, we praise
 Both now and evermore. Amen.

SECOND SUNDAY AFTER THE EPIPHANY.

MORNING.

The Name of Jesus.

Jesu ! the very thought of Thee
 With sweetness fills my breast ;
But sweeter far Thy face to see
 And in Thy presence rest.

Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find
A sweeter sound than Thy blest name,
O Saviour of mankind!

O Hope of every contrite heart,
O Joy of all the meek,
To those who fall how kind Thou art!
How good to those who seek!

But what to those who find? Ah! this
Nor tongue nor pen can shew:
The love of Jesus, what it is,
None but His loved ones know.

Jesu! our only joy be Thou,
As Thou our prize wilt be;
Jesu! be Thou our glory now,
And through eternity! Amen.

BEFORE THE LITANY.

O Jesu! King most wonderful!
Thou Conqueror renowned!
Thou sweetness most ineffable!
In Whom all joys are found!

When once Thou visitest the heart
 Then truth begins to shine ;
 Then earthly vanities depart ;
 Then kindles love divine.

O Jesu ! Light of all below !
 Thou Fount of life and fire !
 Surpassing all the joys we know,
 All that we can desire.

May every heart confess Thy Name
 And ever Thee adore ;
 And seeking Thee itself inflame
 To seek Thee more and more.

Thee may our tongues for ever bless ;
 Thee may we love alone ;
 And ever in our lives express
 The image of Thine Own. Amen.

EVENING.

O Jesu ! Thou the Beauty art
 Of angel worlds above ;
 Thy Name is music to the heart
 Enchanting it with love.

Celestial sweetness unalloyed,
Who eat Thee hunger still ;
Who drink of Thee still feel a void
Which nought but Thou can fill.
O my sweet Jesu ! hear the sighs
Which unto Thee I send ;
To Thee mine inmost spirit cries,
My being's hope and end !
Stay with us, Lord ! and with Thy light
Illume the soul's abyss ;
Scatter the darkness of our night
And fill the world with bliss.
O Jesu ! spotless Virgin flower !
Our life and joy ! to Thee
Be praise, beatitude, and power,
Through all eternity. Amen.

THIRD SUNDAY AFTER THE EPIPHANY.

BEFORE THE LITANY.

Psalm xlv.

God our Hope and Strength abiding
Soothes our dread, exceeding nigh ;
Fear we not the world subsiding,
Roots of mountains heaving high,
Darkly heaving
Where in Ocean's heart they lie.

54 FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY.

Let them roar, His awful surges ;—
Let them boil,—each dark-browed hill
Tremble, where the proud wave urges,—
Here is yet one quiet rill ;
Her calm waters,
Sion's joy, flow clear and still.

Joy of God's abode, the station
Where the Eternal fixed His tent ;—
God is there, a strong salvation ;
On her place she towers unbent ;
God will aid her
Ere the stars of morn be spent. Amen.

EVENING, "Jesu ! the very thought of Thee," p. 50.

FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER THE EPIPHANY
BEFORE THE LITANY.

Psalm cxlviii.

Praise the Lord ! ye heavens, adore Him ;
Praise Him, angels, in the height :
Sun and moon, rejoice before Him ;
Praise Him, all ye stars and light !
Praise the Lord ! for He hath spoken ;
Worlds His mighty voice obeyed :
Laws that never shall be broken
For their guidance He hath made.

Praise the Lord ! for He is glorious ;
 Never shall His promise fail :
 God hath made His saints victorious ;
 Sin and death shall not prevail.
 Praise the God of our salvation ;
 Hosts on high His power proclaim ;
 Heaven, and earth, and all creation,
 Laud and magnify His name ! Amen.

EVENING, "Jesu ! the very thought of Thee," p. 50.

FIFTH SUNDAY AFTER THE EPIPHANY.

BEFORE THE LITANY.

Psalm civ.

My soul, praise the Lord, speak good of His name ;
 O Lord our great God, how dost Thou appear !
 So passing in glory that great is Thy fame ;
 Honour and majesty in Thee shine most clear.
 With light as a robe Thou hast Thee be-clad,
 Whereby all the earth Thy greatness may see ;
 The heavens in such sort Thou also hast spread
 That they to a curtain compared may be.

56 SIXTH SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY.

His chamber-beams lie in the clouds full sure,
Which as his chariots are made Him to bear;
And there with much swiftmess His course doth
endure

Upon the wings riding of winds in the air.

By angels in heaven of every degree
And saints upon earth all praise be addrest
To God in Three Persons, One God ever blest,
As it hath been, now is, and always shall be.
Amen!

EVENING, "Jesu! the very thought of Thee," p. 50.

SIXTH SUNDAY AFTER THE EPIPHANY

BEFORE THE LITANY, *Dies Iræ*. p. 26.

EVENING, "Great God, what do I see and hear," p. 24.

SEPTUAGESIMA SUNDAY.

EVENING BEFORE.

Thou, Great Creator, art possessed,
And Thou alone, of endless rest,
To Angels only it belongs
To lift to Thee their ceaseless songs.

But we must toil and toil again
With ceaseless woe and endless pain ;
How then can we in exile drear
Raise the glad song of glory here ?

O Thou, Who wilt forgiving be
To all who truly turn to Thee,
Grant us to mourn the heavy cause
Of all our woe, Thy broken laws.

Then to the sharp and wholesome grief
Let faith and hope bring due relief,
And we too shall be soon possessed
Of ceaseless songs and endless rest.

To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Let equal praise to Each be given
By men and angels, earth and heaven. Amen.

MORNING.

There is a book who runs may read
Which heavenly truth imparts ;
And all the lore its scholars need
Pure eyes and Christian hearts.

The works of God above, below,
Within us and around,
Are pages in that book to shew
How God Himself is found.

The glorious sky embracing all
Is like the Maker's love,
Wherewith encompassed great and small
In peace and order move.

The moon above, the Church below,
A wondrous race they run ;
But all their radiance, all their glow,
Each borrows of it's Sun.

The Saviour lends the light and heat
That crowns His holy hill ;
The saints like stars around His seat
Perform their courses still.

The dew of heaven is like Thy grace,
It steals in silence down ;
But where it lights the favoured place
By richest fruits is known.

One Name, above all glorious names,
With its ten thousand tongues
The everlasting sea proclaims,
Echoing angelic songs.

The raging fire, the roaring wind,
Thy boundless power display :
But in the gentler breeze we find
Thy Spirit's viewless way.

Two worlds are ours ; 'tis only sin
Forbids us to descry
The mystic heaven and earth within,
Plain as the sea and sky.

Thou, Who hast given me eyes to see
And love this sight so fair,
Give me a heart to find out Thee
And read Thee everywhere. Amen.

BEFORE THE LITANY.

Alleluia, song of sweetness,
Voice of joyance, holiest lay,
Alleluia is the glory
Of the choirs in heavenly day,
Which the angels sing, abiding
In the House of God alway.

Alleluia ! joyous mother,
Salem, of the saints on high ;
Alleluia ! one to other
All thy citizens reply ;
Exiles we by Babel's waters
Join not yet their melody.

Alleluia ! we deserve not
Here to chant for evermore ;
Alleluia ! our transgressions
Make us for a while give o'er.
For the holy time is coming
Bidding us our sins deplore.

But Thy Godhead meekly praising,
Pray we, Blessed Trinity,
We at last may keep our Easter
In Thy home beyond the sky ;
There to Thee our Alleluia
Singing everlastingly. Amen.

EVENING.

The Patriarchs.

O ye, who followed Christ in love,
While yet He dwelt in realms above ;
First children of almighty grace,
First fathers of the faithful race !

O how can words of equal worth
The wonders of your faith set forth !
Or tell of all your panting sighs
Which hope uplifted to the skies !

In dreary exile here below
Ye found the world an empty show ;
And rested on the promise high
Of blissful homes beyond the sky.

The heart, O God, that loves Thee well
Still longs with Thee in peace to dwell :
Forbid, O Lord, our souls to roam,
And fix them on our future home.

Praise to the Father, and the Son,
And Holy Spirit, Three in One ;
Eternal praise to Each be given
By all on earth, and all in heaven. Amen.

SEXAGESIMA SUNDAY.

BEFORE THE LITANY, *as on Septuagesima Sunday, p. 59.*

EVENING, *as on Septuagesima Sunday, p. 60.*

QUINQUAGESIMA SUNDAY.

BEFORE THE LITANY, *as on Septuagesima Sunday, p. 59.*

EVENING, *as on Septuagesima Sunday, p. 60.*

ASH WEDNESDAY.

MORNING.

The solemn season calls us now

A holy fast to keep ;

And see within the temple how

Both priest and people weep.

But come not thou with tears alone

Or outward form of prayer ;

But let it in thy heart be known

That penitence is there.

Thy breast to beat, thy clothes to rend,

God asketh not of thee ;

Thy stubborn soul He bids thee bend

In true humility.

Oh ! let us then with heartfelt grief

Draw near unto our God,

And pray to Him to grant relief

And stay the uplifted rod.

O ! Righteous Judge, if Thou wilt deign

To grant us all we need,

We pray for time to turn again

And grace to turn indeed.

Blest Three in One, with grief sincere

To Thee we humbly pray,

Let fruits of penitence appear

To bless this fasting-day. Amen.

LENT, UNTIL PASSION SUNDAY.

MORNING.

WEDNESDAYS, "Let all our tongues be one," *p.* 137.FRIDAYS, "By the Cross sad vigil keeping," *p.* 75.OTHER DAYS, *Psalm li.*

Have mercy, Lord, on me
As Thou wert ever kind,
Let me, oppressed with loads of guilt,
Thy wonted mercy find.
Wash off my foul offence
And cleanse me from my sin ;
For I confess my crime and see
How great my guilt hath been.
Against Thee, Lord, alone
And only in Thy sight,
Have I transgressed, and though condemned
Must own Thy judgments right.
Withdraw not Thou Thy help
Nor cast me from Thy sight ;
Nor let Thy Holy Spirit take
His everlasting flight.
The joy Thy favour gives
Let me again obtain ;
And Thy free Spirit's firm support
My fainting soul sustain. Amen.

BEFORE THE LITANY, *until Passion Sunday.*

O Lord, turn not Thy face away
from them that lowly lie,
Lamenting sore their sinful life
with tears and bitter cry !
Thy mercy-gates are open wide
to them that mourn their sin ;
O shut them not against us, Lord,
but let us enter in !

We need not to confess our fault,
for surely Thou canst tell ;
What we have done, and what we are,
Thou knowest very well ;
Therefore to beg and to entreat
with tears we come to Thee,
As children that have done amiss
fall at their father's knee.

And need we then, O Lord, repeat
the blessing which we crave,
When Thou dost know, before we speak,
the thing that we would have.
Mercy, O Lord, mercy we seek ;
this is the total sum ;
For mercy, Lord, is all our prayer,
O let Thy mercy come ! Amen.

EVENING.

WEDNESDAYS, "Thou, great Creator, art possessed," p. 56.

FRIDAYS, "When I survey the wondrous cross," p. 132.

OTHER DAYS.

Saviour, when in dust to Thee
Low be bow the adoring knee ;
When repentant to the skies
Scarce we lift our streaming eyes ;
O by all the pains and woe
Suffered once for man below,
Bending from Thy throne on high,
Hear our solemn litany !

By Thy birth, and infant years,
By Thy life of want, and tears,
By Thy days of sore distress
In the savage wilderness,
By Thy victory in the hour
Of the subtle Tempter's power,
Jesu, look with pitying eye,
Hear our solemn litany !

By Thine hour of dark despair,
By Thine agony of prayer,

By the cross, the nail, the thorn,
Piercing spear, and torturing scorn,
By the gloom that veiled the skies
O'er the dreadful sacrifice,
From Thy seat above the sky
Hear our solemn litany! Amen.

FIFTH SUNDAY IN LENT.

(PASSION SUNDAY.)

EVENING, *from the Evening before the Fifth Sunday
in Lent until Thursday before Easter.*

Vexilla Regis.

The Royal Banners forward go ;
The Cross shines forth in mystic glow,
Where He in flesh, our flesh Who made,
Our sentence bore, our ransom paid.

Where deep for us the spear was dyed,
Life's torrent rushing from His side,
To wash us in that precious flood
Where mingled Water flowed and Blood.

Fulfilled is all the mystery told
In dark prophetic songs of old :
Amid the nations God we see
Triumphant reigning from the tree.

O tree of beauty, tree of light !
O tree with royal Purple dight !
Elect on whose triumphal breast
Those Holy limbs should find their rest :

On whose dear arms so widely flung
The weight of this world's Ransom hung,
The price of human kind to pay
And spoil the Spoiler of his prey.

Hail, wondrous altar ! Victim hail !
Thy glorious Passion shall avail,
Where Very Life the death endured
Yet life by that same Death procured.

To Thee, Eternal Three in One,
Let homage meet by all be done :
Whom by the Cross Thou dost restore
Preserve and govern evermore ! Amen.

MORNING, *until Thursday before Easter,*
(except on Palm Sunday).

Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee ;
Let the Water and the Blood
From Thy riven side which flowed
Be of sin the double cure,
Save me from its guilt and power.

Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone ;
Thou must save, and Thou alone :
Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling.

While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyelids close in death,
When I soar through worlds unknown,
See Thee on Thy Judgment-throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee! Amen.

BEFORE THE LITANY.

Sing my tongue the Saviour's glory,
Tell His triumph far and wide ;

Tell aloud the famous story
Of His Body crucified ;
How upon the Cross a Victim,
Vanquishing in death, He died.

[Eating of the tree forbidden
Man hath sunk in Satan's snare,
When our pitying Creator
Did this second tree prepare,
Destined many ages later
That first evil to repair.

Such the order God appointed
When for sin He would atone ;
To the Serpent thus opposing
Schemes yet deeper than his own ;
Thence the remedy procuring
Whence the fatal wound had come.

So when now at length the fulness
Of the sacred time drew nigh,
Then the Son, the world's Creator,
Left His Father's throne on high,
From a Virgin's womb appearing
Clothed in our mortality.

All within a lonely manger
Lo ! a tender Babe He lies :

See His gentle virgin mother
Lull to sleep His infant cries !
While the limbs of God Incarnate
Round with swathing bands she ties.]

Thirty years among us dwelling,
His appointed time fulfilled,
Born for this, He meets His Passion,
For that this He freely willed ;
On the cross the Lamb is lifted
Where His life-blood shall be spilled.

He endured the nails, the spitting,
Vinegar, and spear, and reed ;
From that Holy Body broken
Blood and Water forth proceed :
Earth, and stars, and sky, and ocean,
By that flood from stain are freed.

To the Trinity be glory
Everlasting, as is meet :
Equal to the Father, equal
To the Son and Paraclete :
Trinal Unity, Whose praises
All created things repeat. Amen.

SUNDAY BEFORE EASTER.

(PALM SUNDAY.)

MORNING.

Glory and laud and honour to Thee Redeemer
King:

To Whom Thy children's voices made sweet
Hosannas ring.

Chorus. Glory, etc.

Thou art the King of Israel, Thou David's royal
Son,

Who in the Lord's name comest, the King and
blessed One.

Chorus. Glory, etc.

The company of Angels are praising Thee on
high,

And mortal men and all things created make
reply.

Chorus. Glory, etc.

The people of the Hebrews with palms before
Thee went,

Our praise and prayer and anthems before Thee
we present.

Chorus. Glory, etc.

To Thee before Thy Passion they raised their
hymns of praise,

To Thee in Glory reigning our melody we raise.

Chorus. Glory, etc.

Thou didst accept their praises, accept the
prayers we bring,

Who in all good delightest, Thou good and
gracious King.

Chorus. Glory, etc.

Receive instead of Palm boughs our victory
o'er the foe,

That in the Conqueror's triumph this strain
may ever flow.

Chorus. Glory, etc.

BEFORE THE LITANY, "Sing, my tongue, the Saviour's
glory," p. 68.

EVENING, "The Royal Banners forward go," p. 66.

THURSDAY BEFORE EASTER.

MORNING.

The Word of God Who hid in flesh
Still heard in heaven the angels' lays
Had reached through all His life of love
The earthly evening of His days.

Soon with a kiss the traitor friend
Should yield Him to His eager foes ;
And He with holy charm would soothe,
Ere came that hour, His brethren's woes.

He blessed the Bread and blessed the Wine,
And gave them all His flesh and Blood ;
The bodies and the souls of men
Sustaining with angelic food.

So was He born their earthly friend,
Feasted with them their feast to be,
So died to ransom them from death,
So lives that they true life may see.

Grant, Lord, to us full sore beset
Refreshment from that sacrifice
Whose virtue unto faithful souls
Rolls back the gates of Paradise.

Hear us, all glorious Trinity,
God undivided, ever blest,
And grant us all eternal life
In mansions of the heavenly rest. Amen.

EVENING.

Sing, my tongue, the Saviour's glory,
Of His Flesh the mystery sing;
Of the Blood all price exceeding
Shed by our immortal King,
Destined for the world's redemption
From a noble womb to spring.

Of a pure and spotless Virgin
Born for us on earth below,
He, as man with man conversing,
Stayed the seeds of truth to sow ;
Then He closed in solemn order
Wondrously His life of woe.

On the night of that Last Supper
Seated with His chosen band
He the Paschal Victim eating
First fulfils the law's command ;
Then He gives the food celestial
To His own with His own hand.

'Tis His Word to our receiving
Makes the bread His Flesh to be ;
And the wine our sins relieving
Blood that flowed upon the Tree ;
Though not seeing yet believing
Take we the great mystery.

To our bleeding Lord inclining
In adoring awe we bend ;
Ancient forms their place resigning
Unto rites of nobler end ;
Faith the senses dark refining
Mysteries to comprehend.

To the Everlasting Father,
And the Son who reigns on high,
With the Holy Ghost proceeding
Forth from Each eternally,
Honour, glory, virtue, blessing,
Praise, and might, and majesty. Amen.

GOOD FRIDAY.

MORNING, "Rock of Ages," p. 68.

BEFORE THE LITANY.

Stabat Mater.

By the Cross sad vigil keeping
Stood the mother, doleful, weeping,
Where her Son extended hung :
And the piercing sword deep driven
Hath aghast and sorrow-riven
All her soul with anguish wrung.

O, how sad and sore distressed
Now was she, that mother blessed
Of the sole-begotten One!
Woe-begone, with heart's prostration,
Mother meek, the bitter Passion
Saw she of her glorious Son.

Who, on Christ's fond mother looking,
Such extreme affliction brooking,
Born of woman, would not weep?
Who, upon the grief amazing
Of that Son and Mother gazing,
Would not share the sorrow deep?

For the offences of His nation
Christ she saw in tribulation,
Saw with thorns, with scourges rent:
Her sweet Son from judgment taken,
Dying, and of all forsaken,
While His spirit forth He sent.

With Thy Mother's deep devotion
Make me feel her strong emotion,
Fount of Love, Redeemer kind:
That my heart fresh ardour proving,
Thee, my God and Saviour, loving
May with Thee acceptance find.

Make me weep beside Thee ever,
From Thy cross may nought dis sever
 Me, so long as I shall live ;
Near it let me stand and sorrow,
Hallowing many a mournful morrow
 With the tears that Thou shalt give.

There, by Thy blest Mother bending,
Tears with tears so holy blending,
 Let me in her anguish share :
Let me every lust denying
Feel within my Saviour's dying,
 Of Thy wounds some impress bear.

Jesu, may Thy cross defend me,
Through Thy Death salvation send me,
 Shield me with Thy grace and love !
When death severs flesh and spirit
May my soul through Thee inherit
 Thy bright Paradise above! Amen.

EVENING.

Jesu ! as though Thyself wert here
I draw in trembling sorrow near ;
And, hanging o'er Thy Form divine,
Kneel down to kiss these wounds of Thine.

Ah me, how naked art Thou laid,
Bloodstained, distended, cold, and dead,
Joy of my soul, my Saviour sweet,
Upon thy sacred winding-sheet.

Hail, awful Brow! hail, thorny wreath!
Hail, Countenance now pale in death!
Whose glance but late so brightly blazed,
That angels trembled as they gazed.

Oh! by those sacred hands and feet
For me so mangled, I entreat,
My Jesu, turn me not away,
But let me here for ever stay. Amen.

SECOND HYMN, "Now the day's declining wheel," p. 17.

E A S T E R E V E N .

MORNING.

Sabbath of the saints of old,
Day of mysteries manifold,
By the great Creator blest,
Type of His eternal rest;
Sanctified with thought of thee
Be the closing week to me.
Resting from His work the Lord
Spake to-day the hallowing word;

And His wondrous labours done
Now the Everlasting Son
Gave to heaven and earth the sign
Of a wonder more divine.

Resting from His work to-day,
In the tomb the Saviour lay,
Once again from head to feet
Swathed, but in the winding-sheet ;
Lying in the rock alone,
Hid behind the sealed stone.

All that seventh day long, I ween,
Mournful watched the Magdalene,
Rising early, resting late,
By the sepulchre to wait,
In the holy garden glade,
Where her buried Lord was laid.

So with Thee, till life shall end
I would solemn vigil spend :
Let me, Lord, prepare a shrine
In this rocky heart of mine,
Where in pure embalmed cell
None but Thou may ever dwell.

Myrrh and spices I will bring,
True affection's offering ;

Close the door from sight and sound
Of the busy world around;
And in patient watch remain
Till my Lord appear again.

Still with Thee their Sabbath keep
They who 'neath the altar sleep!
Scarce a day perchance doth seem
All their long unbodied dream,
'Twixt their rest from labour past
And their waking at the last.

Then, the new creation done,
The endless rest shall be begun.
Jesu! keep me safe from sin,
With Thee may I enter in,
And all fear and toil at end
To Thy resting-place ascend! Amen.

E A S T E R D A Y .

EVENING before, and until Ascension Da

At the Lamb's high feast we sing
Praise to our victorious King,
Who hath washed our robes from stain,
Brought us through the Egyptian main.

Praise we Him Whose love divine
Gives His guests His blood for wine,
Gives His body for the feast,
Christ the Victim, Christ the Priest.

Where the Paschal blood is poured
Death's dark angel sheathes his sword;
Israel's hosts triumphant go
Through the wave that drowns the foe.

Praise we Christ Whose blood was shed,
Paschal Victim, Paschal Bread ;
With sincerity and love
Eat the manna from above.

Easter triumph, Easter joy,—
Sin alone can this destroy :
From the power of sin set free
Souls new-born, O Lord, in Thee.

Hymns of glory and of praise,
Father, unto Thee we raise ;
Risen Lord, all praise to Thee
With the Spirit ever be. Amen.

MORNING, *and through the week.*

Jesus Christ is risen to-day, Alleluia!
Our triumphant holyday, Alleluia!
Who did once upon the Cross, Alleluia!
Suffer to redeem our loss, Alleluia!

Hymns of praise then let us sing, Alleluia!
Unto Christ our heavenly King, Alleluia!
Who endured the Cross and Grave, Alleluia!
Sinners to redeem and save, Alleluia!

But the pain which He endured, Alleluia!
Our salvation hath procured, Alleluia!
Now above the sky He's King, Alleluia!
Where the angels ever sing, Alleluia!

BEFORE THE LITANY, *and until Ascension Day.*

Alleluia. Alleluia. Alleluia.
Ye sons and daughters of the King
Whom heavenly hosts in glory sing,
To-day the grave hath lost its sting.
Alleluia!

On that first morning of the week,
Before the day began to break,
They went their buried Lord to seek.

Alleluia !

The holy women, faithful three,
Soon as the Sabbath set them free,
To embalm their Lord came lovingly.

Alleluia !

An angel clad in white was he
That sate and spake unto the three,
"Your Lord is gone to Galilee."

Alleluia !

When John the Apostle heard the fame
He to the tomb with Peter came ;
But faster sped and found the same.

Alleluia !

That night the apostles met in fear ;
Amidst them came their Lord most dear,
And said, "Peace be unto all here !"

Alleluia !

But Thomas, who had later heard
That Jesus had fulfilled His word,
Still doubted if it were the Lord.

Alleluia !

"Thomas behold my side," said He ;
"My hands, My feet, My Body see,
"And doubt not, but believe in Me."

Alleluia !

No longer Thomas then denied ;
He saw the hands, the feet, the side :
"Thou art my Lord and God," he cried.
Alleluia !

Blessed are they that have not seen
And yet whose faith hath constant been :
In life eternal they shall reign.
Alleluia !

On this most holy day of days
To God both hearts and voices raise
In honour, blessing, and in praise !
Alleluia !

Whose mercy ever runneth o'er,
Whom men and Angel hosts adore,
To Him be glory evermore.
Alleluia. Alleluia. Alleluia. Amen

FIRST SUNDAY AFTER EASTER.

(LOW SUNDAY.)

ALL THE HYMNS as on *Easter Day*, p. 80.

SECOND SUNDAY AFTER EASTER.

MORNING, *and through the week.*

The dawn was purpling o'er the sky ;

With alleluias rang the air ;

Earth held a glorious jubilee ;

Hell wailed aghast in fierce despair.

When He, Whom stone and seal and guard

Had safely to the tomb consigned,

Triumphant rose, and buried Death

Deep in the grave He left behind.

"Calm all your grief and still your tears,"

Hark the descending angel cries,

"For Christ is risen from the dead,

And Death is slain no more to rise."

O Jesu ! from the death of sin

Keep us, we pray, so shalt Thou be

The everlasting Paschal joy

Of all the souls new born in Thee.

Now to the Father, and the Son

Who rose from death, be glory given,

With Thee, O Holy Comforter,

Henceforth by all in earth and heaven. Amen.

BEFORE THE LITANY, as on Easter Day, "Ye sons and daughters of the King," p. 82.

EVENING, as on Easter Even, "At the Lamb's high feast we sing," p. 80.

THIRD SUNDAY AFTER EASTER.

MORNING, and through the week.

Ye choirs of New Jerusalem,
Your sweetest notes employ
The Paschal victory to hymn
In strains of holy joy ;
How Judah's Lion burst His chains
And crush'd the Serpent's head,
To bring with Him from death's domains
The long-imprisoned dead.
From hell's devouring jaws the prey
Alone our Leader bore ;
His ransomed hosts pursue their way
Where He hath gone before.
Triumphant in His glory now
His sceptre ruleth all ;
Earth, heaven, and hell before Him bow
And at His footstool fall.
While joyful thus His praise we sing
His mercy we implore
Into His palace bright to bring
And keep us evermore.
Praise to the Father, and the Son
Who from the dead arose,

Praise to the Spirit Paraclete

While age on ages flows. Amen.

ALL THE OTHER HYMNS as on *Easter Day*, p. 80.

FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER EASTER.

MORNING, *and through the week.*

O Thou, the Heaven's eternal King,

Lord of the starry spheres!

Who with the Father equal art

From everlasting years.

All praise to Thy most Holy Name,

Who, when the world began,

Yoking the soul with clay, didst form

. In Thine own Image Man.

And praise to Thee, Who, when the Foe

Had marr'd Thy work sublime,

Clothing Thyself in flesh didst mould

Our race a second time;

When from the tomb new-born as from

A Virgin born before

Thou didst renew our fallen state

And life to man restore.

Eternal Shepherd, Who Thy flock

In Thy pure fount dost lave,

Where souls are cleansed and all their guilt

Buried as in a grave;

Jesu, Who to the Cross wast nailed
Our countless debt to pay ;
Jesu, Who lavishly didst pour
Thy Blood for us away.

O Jesu, from the death of sin
Keep us ; and deign to be
The everlasting Paschal joy
Of souls new born in Thee.

Praise to the Father, and the Son
Who from the dead arose,
With Thee, O Blessed Paraclete,
While age on ages flows. Amen.

ALL THE OTHER HYMNS, as on *Easter Day*, p. 80.

FIFTH SUNDAY AFTER EASTER.

(ROGATION SUNDAY.)

MORNING, *until Ascension Day*, "O throned, O crowned," p. 179.

ALL THE OTHER HYMNS, as on *Easter Day*, p. 80.

ASCENSION DAY.

EVENING BEFORE.

Hail the day that sees Him rise, Alleluia !
Glorious to His native skies, Alleluia !
Christ, awhile to mortals given, Alleluia !
Enters now the highest Heaven, Alleluia !

Thee the glorious triumph waits, Alleluia !
Lift your heads, eternal gates ! Alleluia !
Christ has vanquished death and sin, Alleluia !
Take the King of glory in. Alleluia !

Lo ! the Heaven its Lord receives, Alleluia !
Yet He loves the earth He leaves ; Alleluia !
Though returning to His Throne, Alleluia !
Still He calls mankind His own. Alleluia !

Still for us He intercedes, Alleluia !
His prevailing Death He pleads, Alleluia !
Near Himself prepares our place, Alleluia !
Harbinger of human race. Alleluia !

O though parted from our sight, Alleluia !
Far above the azure height, Alleluia !
Grant our hearts may thither rise, Alleluia !
Seeking Thee above the skies, Alleluia !

MORNING, *until Whitsunday.*

O King eternal, King most high,
Who for lost man didst freely die,
Thy warfare with the grave is done,
Thy last and greatest glory won.

Ascending by the starry road
This day Thou wentest home to God ;
Henceforth upon the throne divine
The powers of heaven and earth are Thine

The triple frame of earth and heaven
And things beneath to Thee is given,
And every tongue confesseth Thee,
And at Thy Name bows every knee.

And angels tremble while they scan
The changed estate of fallen man,
For Flesh removes his fleshly stains,
And Flesh assumed to Godhead reigns.

Be Thou our joy on earth, O Lord,
Be Thou in heaven our great reward ;
Earth's joys to Thee are nothing worth,
The Joy and Crown of heaven and earth.

We pray Thee to unloose the chain
That binds us to a world of pain,
And draw our hearts by cords of grace
To Thy celestial dwelling place.

So at Thy last most dread return
When skies in wrathful glory burn,

Our sins wiped out for evermore
Thou shalt our forfeit crowns restore.

All glory, Christ, to Thee be given
Ascending o'er the stars of heaven :

All glory ever as is meet
To Father and to Paraclete. Amen.

EVENING, "Hail the day," p. 88.

FOLLOWING EVENINGS, *until Whitsun Eve.*

The High-priest once a year
Went in the Holy Place
With garments white and clear,
It was the Day of Grace.

Without the people stood,
While unseen and alone
With incense and with blood
He did for them atone.

So we without abide
A few short passing years,
While Christ Who for us died
Before our God appears.

Before His Father there
His Sacrifice He pleads,
And with unceasing prayer
For us He intercedes.

SUNDAY AFTER ASCENSION DAY.

MORNING, "O King Eternal, King most high," p. 89.

BEFORE THE LITANY.

Where high the Heavenly Temple stands,
The house of God not made with hands,
A great High Priest our nature wears,
The guardian of mankind appears.

He Who for men their Surety stood,
And poured on earth His precious blood,
Pursues in heaven His mighty plan,
The Saviour and the Friend of man.

Though now ascended up on high
He bends on earth a brother's eye ;
Partaker of the human name
He knows the frailty of our frame.

Our Fellow-sufferer yet retains
A fellow-feeling of our pains,
And still remembers in the skies
His tears, His agonies and cries.

In every pang that rends the heart
The Man of Sorrows had a part,
He sympathises with our grief
And to the sufferer sends relief.

With boldness therefore at the throne
Let us make all our sorrows known,
And seek the aid of heavenly power
To help us in the evil hour.

Praise we the Father, praise the Son,
Our woes and weakness Who hath known,
Let equal praise to Spirit blest
By men and angels be addressed. Amen.

EVENING, "The High Priest once a year," p. 91.

W H I T S U N D A Y .

EVENING BEFORE.

Ruler of the hosts of light,
Death hath yielded to Thy might,
And Thy blood hath marked a road
Which will lead us back to God.

From Thy dwelling-place above,
From Thy Father's home of love,
Guard us still with watchful eye
Through this vale of misery.

Seated on that glorious throne
Which Thy mortal travail won,
Now fulfil Thy promise given,
Send the Holy Ghost from heaven.

Praise the Son Who reigns on high
With the Father in the sky,
And the Holy Ghost adore,
One true God for evermore. Amen.

MORNING, *until Trinity Sunday.*

Come, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire
And lighten with celestial fire.
Thou the anointing Spirit art
Who dost Thy seven-fold gifts impart.
Thy blessed Unction from above
Is comfort, life, and fire of love.
Enable with perpetual light
The dulness of our blinded sight.
Anoint and cheer our soiled face
With the abundance of Thy grace.
Keep far our foes, give peace at home :
Where Thou art guide no ill can come,
Teach us to know the Father, Son,
And Thee, of Both, to be but One.
That through the ages all along
This may be our endless song ;
Praise to Thine eternal merit,
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit. Amen.

BEFORE THE LITANY.

Come, Holy Ghost, Eternal God,
Proceeding from above,
Both from the Father and the Son,
The God of peace and love.

Visit our minds, into our hearts
Thy heavenly grace inspire;
That truth and godliness we may
Pursue with full desire.

Thou art the very Comforter
In all grief and distress,
The heavenly Gift of God most High,
No tongue can it express.

The Fountain and the living Spring,
Of joy celestial,
The Fire so bright, the Love so sweet,
The Unction spiritual.

Thou in Thy gifts art manifold,
By them Christ's Church doth stand,
In faithful hearts Thou writ'st Thy law,
The Finger of God's hand.

According to Thy promise, Lord,
Thou givest speech with grace,
That through Thy help God's praises may
Resound in every place.

O Holy Ghost, into our minds
Send down Thy heavenly light ;
Kindle our hearts with fervent zeal
To serve God day and night.

Our weakness strengthen and confirm,
(For, Lord, Thou knowest us frail,)
That neither devil, world, nor flesh
Against us may prevail.

Such measures of Thy powerful grace
Grant, Lord, to us, we pray,
That Thou mayest be our Comforter
At the last dreadful day.

Grant us the grace that we may know
The Father of all might ;
That we of His beloved Son
May gain the blissful sight ;

And that we may with perfect faith
Ever acknowledge Thee,
The Spirit of Father and of Son,
One God in Persons Three.

To God the Father laud and praise,
And to His blessed Son,
And to the Holy Spirit of grace,
Co-equal Three in One ! Amen.

EVENING, and through the week.

When God of old came down from heaven

In power and wrath He came ;

Before His feet the clouds were riven,

Half darkness, and half flame,

But when He came the second time

He came in power and love ;

Softer than gale at morning prime

Hovered His Holy Dove.

The fires that rushed on Sinai down

In sudden torrents dread

Now gently light a glorious crown

On every sainted head.

Like arrows went those lightnings forth,

Winged with the sinner's doom,

But these like tongues o'er all the earth

Proclaiming life to come.

And as on Israel's awe-struck ear

The voice exceeding loud,

The trump that angels quake to hear,

Thrilled from the deep dark cloud ;

So, when the Spirit of our God

Came down His flock to find,

A voice from heaven was heard abroad

A rushing mighty wind.

It fills the church of God; It fills
The sinful world around :
Only in stubborn hearts and wills
No place for It is found.

Come, Lord, come Wisdom, Love and Power,
Open our ears to hear :
Let us not miss the accepted hour ;
Save, Lord, by love or fear. Amen.

TRINITY SUNDAY.

EVENING BEFORE, "The fiery Sun is gone," p. 15.

MORNING.

Holy holy holy Lord God Almighty !
Early in the morning our song shall rise to
Thee ;
Holy holy holy ! merciful and mighty !
God in three Persons, blessed Trinity !
Holy holy holy ! all the saints adore Thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the
glassy sea ;
Cherubim and Seraphim falling down before
Thee,
Which wert and art and evermore shalt be !

Holy holy holy! though the darkness hide Thee,
Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may
not see,

Only Thou art holy, there is none beside Thee,
Perfect in power in love and purity!

Holy holy holy Lord God Almighty!
All Thy works shall praise Thy name in earth
and sky and sea.

Holy holy holy! merciful and mighty!
God in three persons, blessed Trinity! Amen.

BEFORE THE LITANY.

Creator, Saviour, strengthening Guide,
Now on Thy mercy's ocean wide
Far out of sight we seem to glide.

Eternal One, Almighty Trine,
Since Thou art ours, and we are Thine,
By all Thy love did once resign,

By all the grace Thy heavens still hide,
We pray Thee keep us at Thy side
Creator, Saviour, strengthening Guide! Amen.

EVENING, "*The fiery Sun is gone*," p. 15.

FIRST SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

BEFORE THE LITANY.

Psalm i.

Blest is the man who walks with God
Of worldly counsels ware,
Stands not in sinner's devious road
Nor sits in scorner's chair.

But in the Lord's own word and way
Is ever his delight;
The cloud that guides him day by day,
The pillared fire by night.

His works shall prosper like the tree
By living waters fed;
Which bears aloft unfadingly
Its fair and fruitful head.

No state like this the ungodly know,
Their joy may never last;
Like to the chaff which to and fro
Is scattered by the blast.

So in the awful day of doom
The godless shall not stand;
Nor wicked men with saints find room
Secure at God's right hand.

The sinner's way must end in wrath ;
 But God hath seen and known
 In life and death His people's path,
 And He will save His own.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 One mighty God of Heaven,
 All glory by the angel host
 And saints on earth be given. Amen.

EVENING.

" We love Him because He first loved us."

My God, I love Thee, not because
 I hope for Heaven thereby ;
 Nor because they who love Thee not
 Must burn eternally.

Thou, O my Jesus, Thou didst me
 Upon the Cross embrace ;
 For me didst bear the nails and spear
 And manifold disgrace,

And griefs and torments numberless
 And sweat of agony ;
 E'en death itself, and all for one
 Who was Thine enemy.

102 SECOND SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

Then why, O blessed Jesu Christ,
Should I not love Thee well,
Not for the sake of winning Heaven
Or of escaping Hell :

Not with the hope of gaining ought,
Not seeking a reward ;
But as Thyself hast loved me,
O ever-loving Lord ?

E'en so I love Thee, and will love,
And in Thy praise will sing,
Solely because Thou art my God
And my eternal King. Amen.

SECOND SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

BEFORE THE LITANY.

Psalm viii.

O Thou to Whom all creatures bow
Within this earthly frame,
Through all the world how great art Thou,
How glorious is Thy Name !

In heaven Thy wondrous acts are sung
Nor fully reckoned there ;
And yet Thou makest the infant tongue
Thy boundless praise declare.

Through Thee the weak confound the strong
And crush their haughty foes ;
And so Thou quellest the wicked throng
That Thee and Thine oppose.

O Thou to whom all creatures bow
Within this earthly frame,
Through all the world how great art Thou,
How glorious is Thy name !

To Father Son and Holy Ghost,
One mighty God of Heaven,
All glory by the angel host
And saints on earth be given. Amen.

EVENING.

"Hereby we know that He abideth in us, by the Spirit
which He hath given us."

O Thou Who on Thy sainted choir
Didst light in cloven tongues of fire,
Spirit of power, on us come down
With light and life our heads to crown.

Come like a dove upon its nest,
O'er this Thy gathered household rest,
Till each one's inmost soul be stirred
With Thy still voice, Thy mighty word.

So shall this roof Thy praise prolong,
Nor ever from our lips the song
Of "Peace on earth to men of peace"
And "Glory to our God" shall cease.

Praise to the Father and the Son
And Holy Spirit, Three in One,
Eternal praise to Each be given
By all on earth and all in heaven. Amen.

THIRD SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

BEFORE THE LITANY.

Psalm lxxxiv.

O God of hosts, the mighty Lord,
How lovely is the place
Where Thou, enthroned in glory, shewest
The brightness of Thy face!

My longing soul faints with desire
To view Thy blest abode;
My panting heart and flesh cry out
For Thee, the living God.

O Lord of Hosts, my King and God,
How highly blest are they
Who in Thy temple always dwell
And there Thy praise display.

Thrice happy they whose choice has Thee
 Their sure protection made ;
 Who long to tread the sacred ways
 That to Thy dwelling lead.
 They shall proceed from strength to strength
 And still approach more near,
 Till all on Sion's holy mount
 Before their God appear.
 Glory to God for ever be
 From angels and from men,
 To Father Son and Holy Ghost,
 For evermore, Amen.

EVENING.

Psalm cxxxix.

“Speak, Lord, for Thy servant heareth.”

I worship Thee, sweet Will of God,
 And all Thy ways adore ;
 And every day I live I seem
 To love Thee more and more.
 Thou wert the end, the blessed rule
 Of Jesu's Toils and Tears ;
 The Passion of His yearning Heart
 Those three-and-thirty years.
 And He hath breathed into my soul
 A special love of Thee,

A love to lose my soul in His
And by that loss be free.

I love to kiss each print where Thou
Hast set Thine unseen Feet ;
I cannot fear Thee, blessed Will,
Thine empire is so sweet.

I have no cares, O blessed Will !
For all my cares are Thine ;
I live in triumph, Lord, for Thou
Hast made Thy triumphs mine.

Man's weakness waiting upon God
Its end can never miss,
For men on earth no work can do
More Angel-like than this.

FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

BEFORE THE LITANY.

Psalm xviii.

O God, my strength and fortitude,
Of force I must love Thee ;
Thou art my castle and defence
In my necessity :

My God, my rock in Whom I trust,
The worker of my wealth,
My refuge, buckler, and my shield,
The horn of all my health.

Full sore beset with pain and grief
I prayed to God for grace,
And He forthwith did hear my voice
Out of His holy place.

The Lord descended from above
And bowed the heavens high,
And underneath His feet He cast
'The darkness of the sky :

On Cherubim and Seraphim
Full royally He rode,
And on the wings of mighty winds
Came flying all abroad.

Now blessed be the living Lord,
Most worthy of all praise,
That is my rock and saving health,
Blessed be He always. Amen.

EVENING.

“Thou being our Ruler and Guide.”

O Thou, to Whose all-searching sight
The darkness shineth as the light,
Search, prove my heart, it pants for Thee,
O burst these bands and set it free.

If in this darksome wild I stray
 Be Thou my Light, be Thou my Way,
 No foes nor violence I fear,
 No fraud, while Thou my God art near.

When rising floods my soul o'erflow,
 When sinks my heart in waves of woe,
 Jesu, Thy timely aid impart,
 And raise my head and cheer my heart.

Saviour, where'er Thy steps I see,
 Dauntless, untired, I follow Thee,
 O let Thy hand support me still
 And lead me to Thy holy hill.

If rough and stormy be the way
 My strength proportion to my day,
 Till toil and grief and pain shall cease
 Where all is calm and joy and peace. Amen.

FIFTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

BEFORE THE LITANY.

Psalm xxvi.

Lord, be my Judge, for I have trod
 Mine own true simple way;
 Have cast my care upon my God,
 With Him unswerving stay.

My foot is firm, Almighty, prove
And search me : try with fire
My reins and heart, I watch Thy love
With eye of deep desire.

I watch Thy love and walk Thy way,
Thy way so clear and bright,
Nor with the false sit down nor stray
With haters of the light.

Around Thine Altar, Lord, to go
With tones that rise and fall
In full melodious praise, and shew
Thy wonders, each and all,

The house and home Thou countest Thine,
The tent where Thou dost dwell
And spread Thy glory for a shrine,
I love it, Lord, full well.

Redeem me, love me, Lord—'tis done ;
I stand in even ways,
High in Thy courts my place is won,
I sing Jehovah's praise.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost
By saints in earth and heaven
All glory while all ages roll
In sweetest strains be given. Amen.

EVENING.

Eine feste Burg ist unser Gott.

"Thou comest to me with a sword, and with a spear and with a shield ; but I come to thee in the name of the Lord of Hosts."

A Tower of Strength our God doth stand,

A shield and sure defender :

True help from all our woes His hand

Through life doth freely render.

Our foe hath fixed his purpose fell,

With might and craft he's armed full well,

On earth is not his fellow.

With force of arms we nothing can,

Full soon were we o'erridden ;

But for us fights the goodly MAN

Whom God Himself hath bidden.

Ask ye His name ? 'Tis Christ our Lord,

The God of Hosts alone adored,

Our Champion, none dare brave Him.

Should hell's whole legions round us press

All banded to devour us,

Yet this should work us good success

Nor fear e'en then o'erpower us :

Though this world's prince look fierce and bold,

It matters not, his doom is told,

A single word can foil him.

Our foes must let the Word stand sure ;
 No thanks for this they're reaping,
 God's Spirit in His way secure,
 God's grace our souls is keeping ;
 Those foes may spoil all earthly bliss ;
 Let be ! they win no gain from this,
 God's kingdom still is left us.

SIXTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

BEFORE THE LITANY.

Psalm xxiii.

My shepherd is the living Lord,
 Nothing therefore I need ;
 In pastures fair by waters calm
 He setteth me to feed.

He shall convert and glad my soul
 And bring my mind in frame
 To walk in paths of righteousness
 For His most Holy Name.

Yea, though I walk in vale of death
 Yet will I fear none ill ;
 Thy rod, Thy staff, they comfort me
 And Thou art with me still.

Through all my life Thy favour is
 So frankly shewn to me,
 That in Thy house for evermore
 My dwelling place shall be.

To Father Son and Holy Ghost,
 The God whom we adore,
 Be glory as it was, is now
 And shall be evermore. Amen.

EVENING.

“For them that love Thee such good things as pass man
 understanding.”

Love Divine, all loves excelling,
 Joy of Heaven, to earth come down ;
 Fix in us Thy humble dwelling,
 All Thy faithful mercies crown.
 Jesus, Thou art all compassion,
 Pure, unbounded Love Thou art ;
 Visit us with Thy salvation,
 Enter every trembling heart.

Come, Almighty to deliver,
 Let us all Thy life receive ;
 Suddenly return and never
 Never more Thy temples leave.

Thee we would be always blessing,
 Serve Thee as Thy hosts above;
 Pray and praise Thee without ceasing,
 Glory in Thy perfect love.

Finish then Thy new creation,
 Pure, unspotted may we be;
 Let us see Thy great salvation,
 Perfectly restored in Thee;
 Changed from glory into glory
 Till in heaven we take our place,
 Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
 Lost in wonder, love, and praise. Amen.

SEVENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

BEFORE THE LITANY.

Psalm xlii.

"If I send them away fasting, they will faint by the way."

As pants the hart for cooling streams
 When heated in the chase;
 So longs my soul, O God, for Thee
 And Thy refreshing grace.

For Thee, my God, the living God,
 My thirsty soul doth pine:
 O when shall I behold Thy face,
 Thou Majesty divine?

Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
 Hope still, and Thou shalt sing
 The praise of Him who is thy God,
 Thy health's eternal spring.

Father of mercies hear my cry,
 Hear me Co-equal Son,
 Who reignest with the Holy Ghost
 While ceaseless ages run. Amen.

EVENING.

"Lord of all power and might."

Oft in danger, oft in woe,
 Onward, Christians, onward go;
 Fight the fight, maintain the strife,
 Strengthened with the Bread of Life!

Onward, Christians, onward go,
 Join the war, and face the foe;
 Will ye flee in danger's hour?
 Know ye not your Captain's power?

Let your drooping hearts be glad;
 March in heavenly armour clad;
 Fight, nor think the battle long;
 Victory soon shall wake your song.

Let not sorrow dim your eye ;
 Soon shall every tear be dry ;
 Let not fears your course impede ;
 Great your strength if great your need.

Onward then in battle move ;
 More than conquerors ye shall prove :
 Though opposed by many a foe
 Onward Christians, onward go !

Honour, glory, love and praise,
 Be through never-ending days
 To the Father and the Son,
 And the Spirit, Three in One. Amen.

EIGHTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

BEFORE THE LITANY.

Psalm xxxiv.

"Ye have not received the spirit of bondage again to fear."

Through all the changing scenes of life,
 In trouble and in joy,
 The praises of my God shall still
 My heart and tongue employ.

Of His deliverance I will boast,
 Till all that are distrest
 From my example comfort take
 And charm their griefs to rest.

THE HOSTS OF GOD encamp around
 The dwellings of the just;
 Deliverance He affords to all
 Who on His succour trust.

Fear Him, ye saints, and you will then
 Have nothing else to fear;
 Make you His service your delight,
 Your wants shall be His care.

To God the Father, God the Son,
 And God the Holy Ghost,
 All glory be from saints on earth
 And from the Angel-host. Amen.

EVENING.

"Elijah cried unto the Lord, and said, O Lord my God,
 hast Thou also brought evil upon the widow by slaying
 her son?"

God moves in a mysterious way
 His wonders to perform;
 He plants His footsteps in the sea
 And rides upon the storm.

Deep in unfathomable mines
 Of never-failing skill
 He treasures up His bright designs
 And works His sovereign will.

Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;
 The clouds ye so much dread

Are big with mercies and shall break
In blessings on your head.

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense
But trust Him for His grace :
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

His purposes will ripen fast
Unfolding every hour ;
The bud may have a bitter taste
But sweet will be the flower.

Blind unbelief is sure to err
And scan His work in vain ;
God is His own interpreter
And He will make it plain.

NINTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

BEFORE THE LITANY.

Psalm lv.

My heart doth faint, for want of breath
It panteth in my breast ;
The terrors and the dread of death
They work me sore unrest.

All night I cry " Who will give me
" The swift and pleasant wings
" Of some fair dove that I may flee
" And rest me from these things.

“Lo then would I go far away,
 “To fly I would not cease;
 “And I would hide myself and stay
 “In some great wilderness.”

Cast thou thy grief upon the Lord,
 And He shall nourish thee;
 For He will in no wise accord
 The just in thrall to see.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 The God Whom we adore,
 Be glory as it was, is now,
 And shall be evermore. Amen.

EVENING.

“They did all eat the same spiritual meat, and did
 drink the same spiritual drink; for they drank of the
 Spiritual Rock.”

Guide us O Thou great Jehovah,
 Pilgrims through this barren land;
 We are weak but Thou art mighty,
 Hold us with Thy powerful hand;
 Bread of Heaven
 Feed us till we want no more.

Open Thou the living fountain
 Whence the healing waters flow ;
 Let the fiery cloudy pillar
 Lead us all our journey through :
 Strong Deliverer,
 Be Thou still our strength and shield.
 When we tread the verge of Jordan
 Bid our anxious fears subside ;
 Guide us through the swelling current,
 Land us safe on Canaan's side :
 Songs of praises
 We will ever give to Thee.
 Praise the Father, God of heaven,
 Him who reigns supreme on high,
 Praise the Son for sinners given
 Here to suffer and to die,
 Praise the Spirit
 Guiding us so lovingly. Amen.

TENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

BEFORE THE LITANY.

Psalm lxi.

O God Thou art my God alone ;
 Early to Thee my soul shall cry,
 A pilgrim in a land unknown,
 A thirsty land whose springs are dry.

Thee in the watches of the night
 Will I remember on my bed ;
 Thy presence makes the darkness light ;
 Thy guardian wings are round my head.

Better than life itself Thy love,
 Dearer than all beside to me ;
 For whom have I in heaven above
 Or what on earth compared to Thee ?

Praise with my heart, my mind, my voice,
 For all Thy mercies I will give :
 My soul in Thee shall aye rejoice ;
 My tongue shall bless Thee while I live.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 The God Whom heaven and earth adore,
 Be glory as it was of old
 Is now and shall be evermore. Amen.

EVENING.

" Make them to ask such things as shall please Thee."

O Thou Who hast at Thy command
 The hearts of all men in Thy hand,
 Our wayward, erring hearts incline
 To know no other will but Thine.

ELEVENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY. 121

Our wishes, our designs control;
Mould every purpose of the soul;
O'er all may we victorious be
That stands between ourselves and Thee.

Twice blest will all our blessings be
When we can look through them to Thee;
When each glad heart its tribute pays
Of love and gratitude and praise.

Yet may we feeble, weak and frail,
Against our mightiest foes prevail;
Thy word our safety from alarm,
Our strength Thine everlasting arm.

ELEVENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

BEFORE THE LITANY.

Psalm xxvii.

Talk with us, Lord, Thyself reveal
While here on earth we rove;
Speak to our hearts and let us feel
The kindling of Thy love.

With Thee conversing we forget
All time, and toil, and care;

Labour is rest, and pain is sweet,
If Thou, my God, art here.

Thou callest me to seek Thy face,
'Tis all I wish to seek ;
To attend the whispers of Thy grace,
And hear Thee inly speak.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God Whom we adore,
Be glory as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore. Amen.

EVENING.

"Partakers of Thy heavenly treasure."

(*Part I.*)

Brief life is here our portion,
Brief sorrow, short-lived care :
The Life that knows no ending,
The tearless Life, is there :

O happy retribution,
Short toil, eternal rest !
For mortals and for sinners
A mansion with the Blest !

And now we fight the battle,
And then we wear the Crown

Of full and everlasting
And passionless renown :


Midst power that knows no limit
And wisdom free from bound,
The Beatific Vision
Shall glad the Saints around :

The peace of all the faithful,
The calm of all the blest,
Inviolata, unvaried,
Divinest, sweetest, best.

Yes! peace, for war is needless,
And rest, for storm is past,
And goal from finished labour
And anchorage at last.

And all their endless leisure
In sweetest accents sings
The ill that was their merit,
The joy that is their King's.

There God our King and Portion
In fulness of His Grace
Shall we behold for ever
And worship face to face. Amen.



TWELFTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

BEFORE THE LITANY.

Psalm lxxviii.

O Lord upon Thine heritage
Send down a gracious rain,
And if it faint with dews refresh
The thirsty land again.

There dwells Thy chosen flock for whom
Thou hast prepared a place,
Which for the poor Thou didst provide
Of Thine especial grace.

God gave the word, His voice was heard
By nations far abroad,
For mighty were the men that preached
The Gospel of our God.

Kings heard and quaked, then rose the Church
Fresh from her martyr's fires,
Her nursing mothers Queens became
And Kings her nursing sires.

To God the Father, God the Son,
And Holy Ghost, to Thee
Be honour, glory, virtue, power,
Through all eternity. Amen.

EVENING.

"Those good things which we are not worthy to ask."

(*Part II.*)

To thee, O dear, dear Country,

Mine eyes their vigils keep ;

For very love beholding

Thy happy Name they weep :

The mention of thy glory

Is unction to the breast,

And medicine in sickness

And love and life and rest.

Jerusalem the only,

That lookest from Heaven below,

In Thee is all my glory,

In me is all my woe.

O sweet and blessed Country,

Shall I ever see thy face ?

O sweet and blessed Country

When shall I win thy grace ?

Where the sunlit land that recks not

Of tempest or of fight,

Shall fold within its bosom

Each happy Israelite,

The glorious holy people,

Blest nation of blest men,

Who made the Cross their watchword

For *JESU* Nazarene.

126 THIRTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

O one, O only mansion,
O Paradise of joy!
Where tears are ever banished
And smiles have no alloy;
Thou hast no shore, fair ocean!
Thou hast no time, bright day!
Dear fountain of refreshment
To pilgrims far away! Amen.

THIRTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY

BEFORE THE LITANY.

Psalm lxxii.

Hail to the Lord's Anointed,
Great David's greater Son!
Hail in the time appointed
His reign on earth begun!
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free,
To take away transgression
And rule in equity.
He shall come down like showers
Upon the fruitful earth;
And joy and hope like flowers
Spring in His path to birth.
Before Him on the mountains
Shall peace the herald go;

And righteousness in fountains
From hill to valley flow.

Kings shall fall down before Him
And gold and incense bring ;

All nations shall adore Him,
His praise all people sing.

For He shall have dominion
O'er river, sea, and shore,

Far as the eagle's pinion

• Or dove's light wing can soar.

To Him shall prayer unceasing
And daily vows ascend,

His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end.

The mountain dew shall nourish
A seed in weakness sown

Whose fruit shall spread and flourish
And shake like Lebanon.

O'er every foe victorious

He on His throne shall rest
From age to age more glorious
All-blessing and all-blest.

The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove :

His Name shall stand for ever,

His great best Name of Love. Amen.

EVENING.

“Thy heavenly promises.”

(Part III.)

Jerusalem the Golden,
With milk and honey blest ;
Beneath thy contemplation
Sink heart and voice opprest.

I know not, O I know not
What social joys are there,
What radiancy of glory,
What light beyond compare :

And when I fain would sing them
My spirit fails and faints,
And vainly would it image
The assembly of the saints.

They stand, those halls of Sion,
Full jubilant with song,
And bright with many an Angel
And many a Martyr-throng.

The Prince is ever in them,
The light is aye serene ;
The pastures of the Blessed
Are decked in glorious sheen :

There is the throne of David,
And there, from toil released,

FOURTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY. 129

The shout of them that triumph,

The song of them that feast.

And who, beneath their Leader

Have conquered in the fight,

For ever and for ever

Are clad in robes of white.

O Land that seest no sorrow!

O State that fear'st no strife!

O princely Bowers! O Land of Flowers!

O realm and home of Life! Amen.

FIFTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

BEFORE THE LITANY.

Psalm lxxxiv.

Lord to me Thy minsters are

Courts of honour passing fair;

And my spirit deems it well

There to be and there to dwell: . . .

Heart and flesh would fain be there

Lord, Thy life, Thy love to share. -

There the sparrow speeds her home

And in time the turtles come,

Safe their nestling young they rear,

Lord of Hosts, Thine altars near:

Dear to them Thy peace, but more

To the hearts that there adore.

Yea all blessed are his days
 In whose heart are all Thy ways,
 Who doth drink of many a spring
 Through the Sad Vale journeying;
 Faring on from keep to keep
 Till he stands on Sion's steep.

There one day is better far
 Than elsewhere a thousand are;
 Give me in God's court to stand
 With His wicket in mine hand,
 And who will for me may bide
 In the curtained bowers of pride. Am

EVENING.

"That which Thou dost promise."

(*Part IV.*)

Jerusalem the glorious,
 The glory of the elect!
 O dear and future vision
 That eager hearts expect!

E'en now by faith I see thee,
 E'en here thy walls discern;
 To thee my thoughts are kindled
 And strive and pant and yearn.

Upon the Rock of Ages
 They raise thy holy tower;
 Thine is the victor's laurel,
 And thine the golden dower.

O none can tell thy bulwarks
 How gloriously they rise,
 And none can tell thy capitals
 Of beautiful device.

There all the halls of Sion
 Shall be for aye complete,
 And in the Land of Beauty
 All things of beauty meet.
 And there is David's Fountain
 And Life in fullest glow
 And there the light is golden
 And milk and honey flow.

With jasper glow thy turrets,
 Thy streets with emerald blaze,
 The sardius and the sapphire
 Unite in thee their rays.

Thy ageless walls are bonded
 With amethyst unpriced ;
 The saints build up thy fabric
 And the corner-stone is Christ.

The Cross is all thy splendour,
 The Crucified thy praise,
 His laud and benediction
 Thy ransomed people raise.

JESUS, the Gem of Beauty,
 True God and Man they sing,
 Their *Morning Star*, their Haven,
 Their *Gate*, their Crown, their King. Amen.

FIFTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY

BEFORE THE LITANY.

Psalm xc.

O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast
And our eternal home :

Before the hills in order stood
Or earth received its frame,
From everlasting Thou art God,
To endless years the same.

A thousand ages in Thy sight
Are like an evening gone ;
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.

O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be Thou our guide while life shall last
And our eternal home. Amen.

EVENING.

“ The Marks of the Lord Jesus.”

When I survey the wondrous Cross
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss
And pour contempt on all my pride.

SIXTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY. 133

Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast
Save in the death of Christ my God !
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to His Blood.

See from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingling down !
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown ?

Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small ;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

SIXTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

BEFORE THE LITANY.

Psalm xci.

Call Jehovah thy salvation ;
Rest beneath the Almighty's shade ;
In His sacred habitation
Dwell, nor ever be afraid.
There no tumult can alarm thee,
Thou shalt dread no hidden snare ;
Guile nor violence can harm thee
In eternal safeguard there.

134 SIXTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

From the sword at noonday wasting,
From the noisome pestilence
In the depth of midnight blasting,
God will be thy sure defence ;
Fear not then the deadly quiver
Though a thousand feel the blow ;
Mercy shall thy soul deliver
Though ten thousand be laid low.

If with pure and firm affection
On God's laws be set thy love,
With the wings of His protection
He will shield thee from above ;
Thou shalt call when griefs oppress thee ;
He will hearken, He will save ;
Here with special favour bless thee,
Give thee life beyond the grave. Amen.

EVENING.

" Rooted and grounded in love."

Jesu, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly ;
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high.

SEVENTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY. 135

Hide me O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past :
Safe into the haven guide ;
O receive my soul at last.
Other refuge have I none ;
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee ;
Leave, ah, leave me not alone ;
Still support and comfort me.
All my hope on Thee is stayed ;
All my help from Thee I bring ;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing !
Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to pardon all my sin ;
Let the healing streams abound ;
Make and keep me pure within :
Thou of life the Fountain art,
Freely let us take of Thee ;
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity. Amen.

SEVENTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

BEFORE THE LITANY.

Psalm xciii.

God the Lord a King remaineth
Robed in His own glorious Light;

136 SEVENTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

God hath robed Him and He reigneth,
He hath girded Him with might.

Alleluia !

God is King in depth and height.

In her everlasting station

Earth is poised, to swerve no more ;
Thou hast laid Thy throne's foundation
From all time where thought can soar.

Alleluia !

Lord, Thou art for evermore.

Lord, the water-floods have lifted,
Ocean-floods have lift their roar,
Now they pause where they have drifted,
Now they burst upon the shore.

Alleluia !

For the ocean's sounding store.

With all tones of waters blending
Glorious is the breaking deep :
Glorious, beauteous without ending,
God Who reigns on heaven's high steep

Alleluia !

Songs of ocean never sleep.

Lord, the words Thy lips are telling
Are the perfect verity :

SEVENTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY. 137

Of Thine high eternal dwelling

Holiness shall inmate be.

Alleluia !

Pure is all that lives with Thee. Amen.

EVENING.

"One Body and one Spirit, one Hope of our calling, one Lord,
one Faith, one Baptism, One God and Father of all."

Let all our tongues be one

To praise our God on high,

Who from His Bosom sent His Son

To fetch us strangers nigh.

Let not our voices cease

To sing our Saviour's Name ;

Jesu ! our Hope, our Strength, our Peace,

From age to age the same.

From out His pierced side

Poured forth a double flood ;

By Water we are purified,

Are pardoned by His Blood.

Look up, ye souls, to Him,

Whose death was your desert ;

And humbly view the living stream

Flow from His pierced heart !

138 EIGHTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

There on the cursed tree
In dying pangs He lies ;
Fulfil His Father's just decree
And all our wants supplies.

Jesu ! all praise to Thee
Our joy and endless rest !
Be Thou our guide while pilgrims here,
Our crown amid the blest. Amen.

EIGHTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY

BEFORE THE LITANY.

Psalm c.

All people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice ;
Him serve with fear, His praise forth tell,
Come ye before Him and rejoice.

The Lord, ye know, is God indeed ;
Without our aid He did us make ;
We are His flock, He doth us feed,
And for His sheep He doth us take.

O enter then His gates with praise,
Approach with joy His courts unto ;
Praise, laud, and bless His name always,
For it is seemly so to do.

For why? the Lord our God is good,
His mercy is for ever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood
And shall from age to age endure.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom heaven and earth adore,
Be glory as it was of old,
Is now, and shall be evermore. Amen.

EVENING.

“ With pure hearts and minds to follow Thee.”

O for a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free :
A heart that always feels Thy blood
So freely spilt for me !

A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne ;
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone :

A humble, lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true and clean ;
Which neither life nor death can part
From Him that dwells within :

140 NINETEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

A heart in every thought renewed
And full of love divine ;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of Thine !

My heart Thou knowest can never rest
Till Thou create my peace ;
Till of my Eden repossess
From every sin I cease.

Fruit of Thy gracious lips on me
Bestow that peace unknown ;
The hidden Manna, and the Tree
Of Life, and the White Stone.

Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart,
Come quickly from above ;
Write Thy new Name upon my heart,
Thy new best Name of Love. Amen.

NINETEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY

BEFORE THE LITANY, *Psalm civ.* "My soul, praise the
Lord," *p.* 55.

NINETEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY. 141

EVENING.

“Renewed in the spirit of your minds.”

Pour down Thy Spirit, gracious Lord,
On all assembled here ;
Let us receive the engrafted word
With meekness and with fear.

By faith in Thee the soul receives
New life, though dead before ;
And he that in Thy name believes
Shall live to die no more.

Preserve the power of faith alive
In those who love Thy name ;
For sin and Satan daily strive
To quench the sacred flame.

Thy power and mercy first prevailed
From death to set us free ;
And often since our life had failed,
If not renewed by Thee.

To Thee we look, to Thee we bow,
To Thee for help we call ;
Our Life, and Resurrection Thou,
Our Hope, our Joy, our All. Amen.

TWENTIETH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

BEFORE THE LITANY.

Psalm cx.

Spake the glorious Lord in heaven,
 " Lord, be Thine this royal seat,
" Till their armies thunder-riven
 " Bow the neck beneath Thy feet."

Lo Thy standards proudly going !
 Forth they fare the world to win.
Reign and prosper, overthrowing
 All the lords of death and sin !

King ! the day is Thine : they own Thee
 Prince o'er all the hearts of men ;
Girt with holy splendours crown Thee,
 Bring Thee all 'Thine own again.

God with man, an Infant tender
 Of a stainless maiden born ;
Elder than the day-star's splendour,
 Purer than the pearls of morn ;

By the eternal oath appointed
 Of the mystic order blest,
Thou art vested, throned, anointed,
 Evermore a Kingly Priest.

When the doom of sin is sealed
And the trump of Judgment rings,
Darkly at Thy side revealed
God shall bruise the godless kings.

Thou shalt judge among the heathen,
Thou shalt fill the world with dead ;
Never shall Thy sword be sheathen
Till it smite the Apostate's head.

But Thy spell of endless glory
Is to suffer and to die ;
Kedron with its bitter story,
And the Vale of Agony.

Honour, blessing, virtue, merit
To the Father and the Son
And the good and gracious Spirit
While eternal ages run. Amen.

EVENING.

“ Ready both in body and soul.”

Father, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted at Thy throne of grace
Let this petition rise.

144 TWENTY-FIRST SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free ;
The blessings of Thy grace impart
And let me live to Thee.

Let the sweet hope that Thou art mine
My life and death attend,
Thy presence through my journey shine
And crown my journey's end. Amen.

TWENTY-FIRST SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

BEFORE THE LITANY.

Psalm cxvii.

From all who dwell below the skies
Let the Creator's praise arise ;
Let the Redeemer's Name be sung
Through every land, by every tongue !

Eternal are Thy mercies, Lord,
Eternal truth attends Thy word ;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow ;
Praise Him, all creatures here below ;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host ;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost ! Amen.

EVENING.

"Put on the whole armour of God."

Soldiers of Christ, arise
And put your armour on,
Strong in the strength which God supplies
Through His Eternal Son.

Strong in the Lord of Hosts
And in His mighty power,
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts
Is more than conqueror.

Stand then in His great might,
With all His strength endowed :
But take to arm you in the fight
The panoply of God.

That having all things done
And all your conflicts past
Ye may o'ercome through Christ alone
And stand complete at last.

Now praise and majesty
To Father, and to Son
With the All-Holy Spirit be
While endless ages run. Amen.

TWENTY-SECOND SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY

BEFORE THE LITANY.

Psalm cxxi.

Up to those bright and gladsome hills,
Whence flows my weal and mirth,
I look, and sigh for Him Who fills
Unseen both heaven and earth.

He is alone my help and hope
That I shall not be moved ;
His watchful eye is ever ope
And guardeth His beloved.

The glorious God is my sole stay,
He is my sun and shade :
The cold by night, the heat by day,
Neither shall me invade.

He keeps me safe from every ill,
Doth all my foes control ;
He is a shield and shelter still
Unto my very soul.

Whether abroad amidst the crowd
Or else within my door,
He is my pillar and my cloud
Now and for evermore.

Now glory to the Father be
From angels and from men,

TWENTY-THIRD SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY. 147

Glory to Son and Holy Ghost,
For evermore. Amen. Amen.

EVENING.

“Thy household the Church.”

“Lord to me Thy minsters are,” p. 129.

TWENTY-THIRD SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

BEFORE THE LITANY.

Psalm cxxii.

O 'twas a joyful sound to hear
Our tribes devoutly say,
Up, Israel, to the Temple haste
And keep your festal day.

At Salem's court we must appear
With our assembled powers,
In strong and beauteous order ranged
Like her united towers.

O pray we then for Salem's peace,
For they shall prosperous be,
Thou Holy City of our God,
Who bear true love to thee.

To Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore. Amen.

148 TWENTY-FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

EVENING.

“That those things which we ask faithfully we may obtain
effectually, through Jesus Christ our Lord.”

“Where high the heavenly Temple stands,” *p.92.*

TWENTY-FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

BEFORE THE LITANY.

Psalm cxxxiii.

How good and how beseeming well
It is that we
Who brethren be
As brethren should in concord dwell.

Like that dear oil that Aaron bears
Which, falling down
To foot from crown,
Embalms the beard and robe he wears.


Or like the tears the morn doth shed,
Which lie on ground
Empearled round
On Sion or on Hermon's head.

For joined therewith the Lord doth give
Such grace, such bliss,
That where it is
Men may for ever blessed live. Amen.

EVENING.

"Partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light."

Glorious things of Thee are spoken,
Sion, City of our God;
He Whose word cannot be broken
Formed thee for His own abode;
On the Rock of Ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's walls surrounded
Thou mayest smile at all thy foes.
See the streams of living waters
Springing from eternal love
Well supply thy sons and daughters
And all fear of want remove.
Blest are all in thee abiding,
Washed in the Redeemer's blood:
He within their hearts residing
Makes them kings and priests to God.
Saviour, if of Sion's city
I through grace a member am,
Let the world deride or pity,
I will glory in Thy name.
Fading is the worldling's pleasure,
All his boasted pomp and show;
Solid joys and lasting treasure
None but Sion's children know.



TWENTY-FIFTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

BEFORE THE LITANY, "All people that on earth do dwell," p. 138.

EVENING.

My God, how wonderful Thou art,

Thy majesty how bright,

How beautiful Thy Mercy-Seat

In depths of burning light.

How dread are Thine eternal years,

Thou everlasting Lord ;

By prostrate spirits day and night

Incessantly adored.

How beautiful, how beautiful,

The sight of Thee must be ;

Thine endless wisdom, boundless power,

And awful purity !

O how I fear Thee, Living God,

With deepest, tenderest fears,

And worship Thee with trembling hope

And penitential tears.

Yet may I love Thee too, O Lord,

Almighty as Thou art ;

For Thou hast stooped to ask of me

The love of my poor heart.

O then, this worse than worthless heart

In pity deign to take,

And make me love Thee for Thyself

And for Thy glory's sake.

No earthly father loves like Thee ;
No mother half so mild
Bears and forbears, as Thou hast done
With me Thy sinful child.
Only to sit and think of God,
O what a joy it is ;
To think the thought, to breathe the Name,
Earth has no higher bliss.
Father of Jesus, Love's Reward !
What rapture will it be,
Prostrate before Thy Throne to lie,
And gaze, and gaze on Thee ! Amen.

If there are any more Sundays before Advent Sunday, the hymns of those Sundays after Epiphany, of which the Service is used, may be taken.

ST. ANDREW'S DAY.

EVENINGS, "Fear no more for the torturer's hand," p. 178.

THE OTHER HYMNS as p. 172.

ST. THOMAS' DAY.

ALL THE HYMNS as p. 172.

CONVERSION OF ST. PAUL.

EVENING BEFORE.

Why, Saviour, dost Thou come
Descending from the sky ?
Canst Thou have left Thy heavenly home
Again for man to die ?

Or see we drawing near
The dreadful day of doom,
When Thou the Avenger shalt appear
The guilty to consume?
On milder vengeance bent
Thou camest from above,
To bid the hardened heart relent
And slaughter change to love.
The spoiler fallen lies
Before Thy glorious ray,
A shepherd of the flock to rise,—
The flock he sought to slay.
From all the Heavenly host
And all on earth below,
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost
Let endless praises flow. Amen.

THE OTHER HYMNS *as pp.* 172, 173.

PURIFICATION.

EVENINGS.

O Sion! open wide thy gates;
Let figures disappear;
A Priest and Victim both in One
The Truth Himself is here.
No more the simple flock shall bleed:
Behold the Father's Son

Himself to His own Altar comes,
For sinners to atone.

Conscious of hidden Deity,
The lowly Virgin brings
Her new-born Babe, with two young doves,
Her tender offerings.

The hoary Simeon sees at last
His Lord so long desired ;
And hails with Anna Israel's hope,
With sudden rapture fired.

But silent knelt the Mother blest
Of the yet silent Word ;
And pondering all things in her heart
With speechless praise adored.

Praise to the Father and the Son ;
Praise to the Spirit be ;
Praise to the Blessed Three in One
Through all eternity ! Amen.

MORNING.

Sweet incense breathes around
The coming Lord to greet ;
And Sion through her sacred bound
Awakes her God to meet.
Arise ye then, ye wakeful quires,
And early light your altar fires.

Let faith with glistening eye
 Trim up her torch so bright
 And flame-encircled charity
 Breathe out her glowing light;
 And white-robed innocence be there
 To pour its sweetest incense prayer.
 Why love to linger here—
 These guilty days prolong?
 More blessed far yon dying seer,
 Be ours his parting song;
 And He Whom here by faith we see
 Shall our eternal portion be.
 To God the Father, Son,
 And Spirit, glory be;
 To the eternal Three in One,
 To all eternity!
 Blest Trinity, to Thee we raise
 Our joyous hearts in ceaseless praise. Amen

BEFORE THE LITANY, "O Sion! open wide thy gates," p. 1

ST. MATTHIAS' DAY.

ALL THE HYMNS *as p. 172.*

ANNUNCIATION.

EVENING BEFORE.

Hush'd the storms that lately raved;
 O'er the earth no armed war;
 Full upon the House of David
 Shines the Bright and Morning Star.

List ! the Angel greets the Maiden,
 " Christ is born if thou believe,
" Solace of the sorrow-laden,
 " Ransom of the sin of Eve."

Lowly in her lowly dwelling
 With a holy virgin fear,
To the glorious Angel telling
 God's high grace, she bowed her ear.

So the Spirit came upon her ;
 Moved as o'er the ancient deep ;
Gave her—O the unearthly honour !
 God for her own Son to keep.

Purer than the dew of morning
 So He slid into our race,
Shamed humanity adorning
 For a more than Angel place.

Jesu Maker ! Jesu Brother !
 Lift me, gently leading on
From the bosom of Thy Mother
 To Thy Cross and then Thy Throne. Amen.

MORNING.

Virgin-born we bow before Thee,
Blessed was the womb that bore Thee ;

Mary mother meek and mild,
Blessed was she in her Child.

Blessed was the breast that fed Thee,
Blessed was the hand that led Thee,
Blessed was the parent's eye
That watched Thy slumbering infancy.

Blessed she by all creation
Who brought forth the world's salvation,
And blessed they, for ever blest,
Who love Thee most and serve Thee best.

Virgin-born we bow before Thee,
Blessed was the womb that bore Thee ;
Mary mother meek and mild,
Blessed was she in her Child.

BEFORE THE LITANY, "O fairest of all men," p. 48.

EVENING, "Hush'd the storms that lately raved," p. 154.

ST. MARK'S DAY.

MORNING.

Now daily shines the sun more fair,
Recalling that blest time
When Christ on His Apostles shone
In radiant light sublime.

They in His body see His wounds
 Like stars divinely glow ;
 Then forth as His true witnesses
 Throughout the world they go.
 O Christ ! Thou King most merciful !
 Our inmost hearts possess ;
 So may we with due songs of praise
 Thy name for ever bless.
 O Jesu ! from the death of sin,
 Keep us, and deign to be
 The everlasting Paschal joy
 Of souls new-born in Thee.
 Praise to the Father and the Son
 Who from the dead arose ;
 With Thee, O Blessed Paraclete
 While age on ages flows ! Amen.

EVENINGS, "Christ's everlasting messengers," *p.* 174 ; *and the same before the Litany.*

ST. PHILIP AND ST. JAMES' DAY.

MORNING, "Now daily shines the sun more fair," *p.* 156.

BEFORE THE LITANY, "The Son of God goes forth to war," *p.* 177.

EVENINGS.

As mourns a widowed bride,
 The Apostles sore were weeping
 For the dear Lord who died
 And in the Rock lay sleeping.

Meantime the angelic word
Hath soothed the women's sadness,
Soon shall ye see your Lord,
The New-risen Sun of Gladness.

Swift as they sped to tell
The saints, His word receiving
They met, they knew Him well,
And kissed His feet believing.

Home then the saintly quire
To Galilee returning
Behold their hearts' desire,
And praise with speechless yearning.

So, Lord, through love and faith
Be Thou our spirits sealing;
Still shew Thee strong in death,
Thyself on high revealing.

ST. BARNABAS.

EVENINGS.

When the newborn saints assembling
Daily, 'neath the shower of fire,
To their Lord in hope and trembling
Brought the choice of earth's desire.

Son of holiest consolation,
Thou didst turn thy land to gold
And thy gold to strong salvation,
Leaving all by Christ to hold.

Type of Priest and Monarch casting
All their crowns before the throne,
And the treasure everlasting
Heaping in the world unknown.

Christ before thy door is waiting,
Rouse thee, slave of earthly gold,
Lo He comes thy pomp abating
Hungry, thirsty, homeless, cold :

Cold and bare He comes who never
May put off His robe of light ;
Homeless who must dwell for ever
In the Father's bosom bright.

Bring thine all, thy choicest treasure,
Heap it high and hide it deep,
So to win o'erflowing measure,
So to climb where skies are steep.

THE OTHER HYMNS *as p.* 172.

ST. JOHN BAPTIST.

EVENING BEFORE.

Lo ! from the desert homes,
Where he hath hid so long,
The new Elias comes
In sternest wisdom strong :

The Voice that cries
Of Christ from high
And judgment nigh
From opening skies.

Your God e'en now doth stand
Within Heaven's opening door,
His fan is in His hand
And He will purge His floor :
The wheat He claims,
And with Him stows ;
The chaff He throws
To deathless flames.

Ye haughty mountains, bow
Your sky-aspiring heads ;
Ye valleys, hiding low,
Lift up your gentle meads,
Make His way plain
Your King before :
For evermore
He comes to reign.

Let thy dread voice around,
Thou harbinger of light,
On our dull ears still sound,
Lest here we sleep in night,

Till judgment come
And on our path
Shall burst the wrath
And deathless doom.

O God, with love's sweet might
Who dost anoint and harm
Christ's soldier for the fight
With spells that shield from harm,
Thrice blessed Three,
Heaven's endless days
Shall sing Thy praise
Eternally. Amen.

•

MORNING.

In caves of the lone wilderness thy youth
Thou hiddest, shunning the rude throng of men,
And guarding the pure treasure of thy soul
From the least touch of sin.

There to thy sacred limbs the camel gave
A garment coarse ; the rock a bed supplied ;
The stream thy thirst, locusts and honey wild
Thy hunger satisfied.

162 ST. PETER AND ST. JAMES THE APOSTLE.

Oh, blest beyond the prophets of old time!
They of the Saviour sang that was to be :
Him present to announce and shew to all
Was granted but to thee.

Through the wide earth was never mortal man
Born holier than John ; to whom was given
The guilty world's Baptizer to baptize
And ope the door of Heaven.

Immortal glory to the Father be,
With His Almighty Sole-begotten Son,
And Thee, Co-equal Spirit, One in Three,
While endless ages run ! Amen.

BEFORE THE LITANY, "Lo ! from the desert homes," p. 159.

EVENING.

"When Christ the Lord would come on earth," p. 30

ST. PETER'S DAY.

ALL THE HYMNS *as* p. 172.

ST. JAMES THE APOSTLE.

EVENING BEFORE.

Two brothers freely cast their lot
With David's royal Son ;
The cost of conquest counting not
They deem the battle won.

Brothers in heart they hope to gain
An undivided joy ;
That man may one with man remain,
As boy was one with boy.

Christ heard, and willed that James should fall
First prey of Satan's rage ;
John lingers out his fellows all
And dies in bloodless age.

Now they join hands once more above
Before the Conqueror's throne ;
Thus God grants prayer, but in His love
Makes times and ways His own.

Now honour, might, and sovranty,
From saints in earth and heaven
To Father, Son, and Spirit be
To endless ages given. Amen.

MORNING, "How happy the mortal," *p.* 175.

BEFORE THE LITANY, "Disposer Supreme," *p.* 173.

EVENING, "Fear no more," *p.* 178.

ST. BARTHOLOMEW.

ALL THE HYMNS *as pp.* 172, 173.

ST. MATTHEW.

EVENINGS, "Christ's everlasting messengers," p. 174.

THE OTHER HYMNS *as* p. 172.

ST. MICHAEL AND ALL ANGELS.

EVENING BEFORE.

Christ in highest heaven enthroned,
Equal of the Father's Might,
By pure spirits trembling owned
God of God and Light of Light,
Thee 'mid Angel hosts we sing,
Thee their Maker, and their King!

All who circling round adore Thee,
All who bow before Thy throne
Burn with flaming zeal before Thee,
Thy behests to carry down:
To and fro 'twixt earth and heaven,
Speed they each on errands given.

First of all those legions glorious
Michael waves his sword of flame,
Who of old in war victorious
Did the Dragon's fierceness tame;
Who with might invincible
Thrust the rebel down to hell.

"Who like God?" the Archangel shouted,
 This the word that pealed on high,
 When the Apostate armies routed
 Fell tumultuous from the sky;
 God, by Whom the fight was won,
 Gave the triumph and the crown.

To the Father praise be given
 By the unfallen angel-host,
 Who in His great war have striven
 With the legions of the lost,
 Equal praise in highest Heaven
 To the Son and Holy Ghost. Amen.

MORNING.

Thine angels, Christ, we laud in solemn lays
 Our elder brethren of the crystal sky,
 Who mid Thy glory's blaze
 The ceaseless anthem raise,
 And gird Thy Throne in faithful ministry.

We celebrate their love whose viewless wing
 Hath left for us so oft their mansion high,
 The mercies of their King
 To mortal saints to bring
 Or guard the couch of slumbering infancy.

166 ST. LUKE, ST. SIMON AND ST. JUDE.

And Thee, the First and Last, we glorify
Who when Thy world was sunk in death and sin,
Not with Thine hierarchy
The armies of the sky,
But didst with Thine own arm the battle win.

Therefore with Angels and Archangels we
To Thy dear love our thankful chorus raise,
And tune our songs to Thee
Who art, and art to be,
And endless as Thy mercies sound Thy praise.

Amen.

BEFORE THE LITANY, "The hosts of God encamp around," p. 118.

EVENING, "Christ in highest Heaven enthroned," p. 164.

ST. LUKE'S DAY.

EVENINGS AND MORNING, "Christ's everlasting messengers,"
p. 174.

BEFORE THE LITANY, "Disposer Supreme," p. 173.

ST. SIMON AND ST. JUDE.

THE HYMNS *as* p. 172.

ALL SAINTS' DAY.

EVENING BEFORE.

Spouse of Christ ! in arms contending
O'er each clime beneath the sun,
Mix with prayers for help ascending
Notes of praise for triumphs won.

As the Church to-day rejoices
All her saints in one to join,
So from earth let all our voices
Rise in melody divine.

Mary leads the sacred story ;
Mary, with her Heavenly Child,
Mother of the King of Glory,
Maid and Mother undefiled.

Angels in the due gradation
Of their ninefold ministry
Hymn the Father of Creation,
Maker of the stars on high.

John, the herald-voice sonorous,
More than prophet owned to be,
Patriarchs and Seers in chorus
Swell the Angelic harmony.

Near to Christ the Apostles seated,
Trampling on the powers of hell,
By the promise now completed
Judge the tribes of Israel.

They who nobly died believing,
Martyrs purpled in their gore,

Crowns of life by death receiving,
Rest in joy for evermore.

Confessors and Gospel-preachers,
Priests and Levites numberless,
Prelates meek, and holy Teachers,
Bear the palm of righteousness.

Virgin souls, by high profession
To the Lamb devoted here,
Strewing flowers in gay procession
At the marriage feast appear.

All are blest together, praising
God's eternal Majesty,
Thrice-repeated anthems raising
To the All-holy Trinity.

So may we with hearts devoted,
Serve our God in holiness !
So may we by God promoted,
Share that Heaven which they possess

MORNING.


O heavenly Jerusalem
Of everlasting halls,
Thrice blessed are the people
Thou storest in thy walls.

Thou art the golden mansion
Where Saints for ever sing ;
The seat of God's own chosen,
The palace of the King.

There God for ever sitteth,
Himself of all the crown ;
The Lamb the Light that shineth
And never goeth down.

Nought to this seat approacheth
Their sweet peace to molest ;
They sing their God for ever
Nor day nor night they rest.

Calm hope from thence is leaning,
To her our longings bend ;
No short-lived toil shall daunt us
For joys that cannot end.



To Christ the Sun that lightens
His Church above, below ;
To Father and to Spirit
All things created bow. Amen.

BEFORE THE LITANY, *if required.*

If there be that skills to reckon
All the number of the Blest,
He perchance can weigh the gladness
Of the everlasting rest,
Which, their earthly warfare finished,
They through suffering have possess.

Through the vale of lamentation
Happily and safely past,
Now the years of their affliction
In their memory they recast,
And the end of all perfection
They can contemplate at last.

In a glass, through types and riddles,
Dwelling here, we see alone ;
Then serenely, purely, clearly,
We shall know as we are known !
Fixing our enlightened vision
On the glory of the throne.

There the Trinity of Persons
Unbeclouded shall we see ;
There the Unity of Essence
Shall revealed in glory be ;
While we hail the Threefold Godhead
And the simple Unity.

Wherefore, man, take heart and courage,
Whatsoe'er thy present pain ;
Such untold reward through suffering
It is given thee to attain ;
And for ever in His Glory
With the Light of Light to reign.

Laud and honour to the Father ;
Laud and honour to the Son ;
Laud and honour to the Spirit ;
Ever Three and ever One ;
Consubstantial, Co-eternal,
While unending ages run. Amen.

EVENING, " Spouse of Christ," p. 166.

THE APOSTLES.

MORNING.

The Lord's eternal gifts,
The Apostles mighty praise,
Their victories and high reward
Sing we in joyful lays.

Lords of the Churches they,
Triumphant chiefs of war,
Brave soldiers of the Heavenly Court,
True lights for evermore.

Theirs was the Saint's high Faith;
And quenchless Hope's pure glow;
And perfect Charity, which laid
The world's fell tyrant low.

In them the Father shone;
In them the Son o'ercame;
In them the Holy Spirit wrought
And filled their hearts with flame.

To God the Father, Son,
And Spirit, glory be;
As was, and is, and shall be so,
Through all eternity! Amen.

BEFORE THE LITANY, "The Son of God goes forth to war,"
p. 177, omitting the second verse.

EVENINGS.

Disposer Supreme and Judge of the earth,
Who choosest for Thine the weak and the poor :
To frail earthen vessels and things of no worth
Entrusting Thy riches which aye shall endure.

Those vessels soon fail, though full of Thy light ;
They at Thy decree are broken and gone ;
Then brightly appeareth the Arm of Thy might,
As through the clouds breaking the light-
nings have shone.

Like clouds they are borne to do Thy great will,
And swift as the winds about the world go,
All full of Thy Godhead, while earth lieth still,
They thunder, they lighten, the waters o'er-
flow.

They thunder—their sound it is Christ the Lord !
Then Satan doth fear, his citadels fall !
As when the dread trumpets went forth at Thy
word
And one long blast shattered the Canaanite's
wall.

O loud be Thy trump, and stirring the sound
To rouse us, O Lord, from sin's deadly sleep;
May lights which Thou kindest in darkness
around,

The dull soul awaken her vigils to keep.

All glory to Thee Who art hid from sight
Yet fillest with love the vast infinite,
And for us revealed as One, and yet Three,
Dost call us from darkness Thy glory to see.
Amen.

THE EVANGELISTS.

Christ's everlasting messengers,
Who from the opening skies
Traverse the earth in showers of light
And sow with mysteries;

The things discerned by seers of old
Behind the shadowy screen
In noon-day clear have ye beheld
With not a veil between.

The things which God as man hath borne,
Which man as God hath done,
Ye write, as God inspires, to all
Who see the circling sun.

Though far in space and time apart
One Spirit sways you all;
And we in those blest characters
Hear now that living call.

Glory to God, the Three in One!
All glory be to Thee,
Who from our darkness callest us
Thy wondrous light to see. Amen.

THE MARTYRS.

MORNING.

How happy the mortal
Through pains and dismay
Who hath burst the portal
To regions of day.

Our weak spirits languish
At the sound of death's feet,
But thou the stern anguish
Dost go forth to meet.

Yet nothing confounded
With rack and with chains,
Where death hath abounded
With tortures and pains.

Lo ! from highest heaven,
His champion to own,
Between the clouds riven
Is Christ looking down.

His hand hath He holden
Where weak nature fails ;
His spirit doth embolden
And in him prevails.

Shall we then soft-hearted
Seek ease and repose,
And sing the departed
In death and stern woes ?

Let such themes of wonder
Arouse us from sleep,
Lest woke by death's thunder
We wake but to weep.

Great Father, Son, Spirit,
The Ancient of days,
May we Thee inherit
And sing of Thy praise. Amen.

BEFORE THE LITANY, *if required.*

The Son of God goes forth to war
A kingly crown to gain,
His blood-red banner streams afar ;
Who follows in His train ?
Who best can drink his cup of woe
Triumphant over pain,
Who patient bears his cross below,
He follows in His train.

The martyr first, whose eagle eye
Could pierce beyond the grave,
Who saw his Master in the sky
And called on Him to save ;
Like Him, with pardon on his tongue
In midst of mortal pain,
He prayed for them that did the wrong ;
Who follows in his train ?

A glorious band, the chosen few
On whom the Spirit came,
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they knew
And mocked the cross and flame.
They met the tyrant's brandished steel
The lion's gory mane ;
They bowed their necks the death to feel ;
Who follows in their train ?

A noble army, men and boys,
The matron and the maid,
Around their Saviour's throne rejoice
In robes of light arrayed :
They climbed the steep ascent of heaven
Through peril, toil, and pain,
O God ! to us may grace be given
To follow in their train ! Amen.

EVENING.

Fear no more for the torturer's hand
Nor the dungeon dark that bound thee ;
The choirs of heaven about thee stand,
Bright shining homes surround thee.
Fear no more for the clanking chain,
Thou art free as light of Heaven ;
The stripes that marked thy frame with pain
For rays of thy crown are given.
Fear no more for stern cold nor need
Nor for nakedness for ever ;
Christ's pure light doth clothe thee and feed
And shall no more from thee sever.
Lo, He stands at His martyr's side,
Death with nobler life surrounding,
And takes him with Him to abide,
The dread tyrant's wrath confounding.

To God on high be honour done,
In the height all height exceeding;
To Father, Son, and Holy One
From Father and Son proceeding. Amen.

EMBER DAYS AND ORDINATION.

I.

"Come, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire," *p.* 94.

II.

"Come, Holy Ghost, Eternal God," *p.* 95.


III.

"When Christ the Lord would come on earth," *p.* 30.

ROGATION DAYS.

O, throned, O crowned with all renown,
Since Thou the earth hast trod,
Thou reignest, and by Thee come down
Henceforth the gifts of God.
By Thee the suns of space, that burn
Unspent, their watches hold;
The hosts that turn, and still return
Are swayed, and poised, and rolled.

The powers of earth, for all her ills,
An endless treasure yield;
The precious things of the ancient hills,
Forest, and fruitful field.



Thine is the health, and thine the wealth
That in our halls abound ;
And thine the beauty and the joy
With which the years are crowned.

And as, when ebb'd the flood, our sires
Kneel'd on the mountain sod ;
While o'er the new world's altar fires
Shone out the bow of God ;
And sweetly fell the peaceful spell
Word that shall aye avail ;
" Summer and winter shall not cease
Seed-time nor harvest fail ;"

Thus in their change let frost and heat
And winds and dews be given :
All fostering power, all influence sweet
Breathe from the bounteous heaven.
Attemper fair with gentle air
The sunshine and the rain,
That kindly earth with timely birth
May yield her fruits again.

That we may feed Thy poor aright
And, gathering round Thy Throne,
Here in the holy angels' sight
Repay Thee of Thine own.

For so our sires in olden time
Spared neither gold nor gear,
Nor precious wood, nor hewen stone,
Thy sacred shrines to rear.

For there to give the second birth
In mysteries and signs,
The face of Christ o'er all the earth
On kneeling myriads shines.
And if so fair beyond compare
Thine earthly houses be ;
In how great grace shall we Thy face
In Thine own palace see.

THE TRANSFIGURATION.

Ye whoe'er for Christ are seeking,
Lift your longing eyes on high ;
There behold the glory breaking
Of celestial Majesty.
Bright the Vision there unveiling,
With unbounded lustre bright ;
High, sublime, and never failing,
Elder than primæval light.
He is King all realms to gather,
King Whom Israel's tribes obey ;
Promised to His people's father
Abraham and his seed for aye.

Seers, to Him high witness breathing,
Seal their words with love and fear ;
Him the Eternal Sire bequeathing
Bids His own believe and hear.

Jesu hail, Thyself revealing
Where Thy little ones adore ;
With Thy Sire and Spirit healing,
One true God for evermore. Amen.

HYMNS FOR THE HOLY COMMUNION.

I.

My God, and is Thy Table spread,
And doth Thy Cup with love o'erflow ?
Thither be all Thy children led
And let them all Thy sweetness know.

Hail sacred feast which Jesus makes,
Rich banquet of His Flesh and Blood :
Thrice happy he who here partakes
That sacred stream, that heavenly food.

O let Thy Table honoured be
And furnished well with joyful guests ;
And may each soul salvation see
That here its sacred pledges tastes.

Revive Thy dying churches, Lord,
And bid our drooping graces live ;

And more that energy afford
 A Saviour's Blood alone can give.
 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 The God Whom heaven and earth adore,
 Be glory as it was of old
 Is now and shall be evermore. Amen.

II.

Draw nigh and take the Body of the Lord
 And drink the Holy Blood for you outpoured,
 Saved by that Body, hallowed by that Blood,
 Whereby refreshed we render thanks to God.
 Salvation's Giver, Christ the Only Son,
 By that His Cross and Blood the victory won.
 Offered was He for greatest and for least :
 Himself the Victim and Himself the Priest.
 Victims were offered by the Law of old
 That in a type celestial mysteries told.
 He, Ransomer from death, and Light from shade
 Giveth His holy grace His saints to aid.
 Approach ye then with faithful hearts sincere
 And take the safeguard of salvation here.
 He that in this world rules His Saints and shields
 To all believers Life Eternal yields.

With Heavenly Bread makes them that hunger
whole,
Gives Living Waters to the thirsty soul.
Alpha and Omega, to Whom shall bow
All nations at the Doom, be with us now.
All praise to God the Father, God the Son,
And Holy Spirit ever Three in One. Amen.

III.

"Sing, my tongue, the Saviour's glory," *p.* 74.

IV.

"The Word of God, Who hid in flesh," *p.* 73.

V.

Bread of the world in mercy broken,
Wine of the soul in mercy shed !
By Whom the words of life were spoken,
And in Whose death our sins are dead !
Look on the heart by sorrow broken,
Look on the tears by sinners shed,
And be Thy feast to us the token
That by Thy grace our souls are fed !

CONFIRMATION.

Lord, shall Thy children come to Thee ?
A boon of love divine we seek ;

Brought to Thine arms in infancy,
Ere heart could feel, or tongue could speak,
Thy children pray for grace that they
May come themselves to Thee to-day.

Lord, shall we come, and come again
Oft as we see yon Table spread,
And, tokens of Thy dying pain,
The Wine poured out, the broken Bread?
Bless, bless, O Lord, Thy children's prayer
That they may come and find Thee there.

Lord, shall we come, come yet again?
Thy children ask one blessing more;
To come, not now alone, but then,
When life, and death, and time are o'er;
Then, then to come, O Lord, and be
Confirmed in Heaven, confirmed by Thee.

Amen.

AFTER CONFIRMATION.

Spirit of might and sweetness too!
Now leading on the wars of God,
Now to green isles of shade and dew
Turning the waste Thy people trod;
Draw, Holy Ghost, Thy seven-fold veil
Between us and the fires of youth;
Breathe, Holy Ghost, Thy freshening gale,
Our fevered brow in age to soothe.

And oft as sin and sorrow tire,
The hallowed hour do Thou renew
When beckoned up the awful choir
By pastoral hands towards Thee we d
When trembling at the sacred rail
We hid our eyes and held our breath,
Felt Thee how strong, our hearts how fi
And longed to own Thee to the death.
For ever on our souls be traced
That blessing dear, that dove-like han
A sheltering rock in memory's waste
O'er-shadowing all the weary land.

FUNERAL HYMNS.

I.

At length, released from many woes,
How sweetly dost thou sleep ;
How calm and peaceful thy repose
While Christ thy soul doth keep.
In earth's wide field thy body now
We sow, which lifeless lies,
In sure and certain hope that thou
More glorious shalt arise.
Then rest thee in thy lowly bed,
Nor shall our hearts repine ;
Thy toils and wars are finished,
A happy lot is thine. Amen.

II. "Dies Iræ," *p.* 26.

III.

O Paradise! O Paradise!

Who does not crave for rest?

Who would not seek the happy land

Where they that loved are blest?

Where faithful hearts and pure,

Released from sin and pain,

For ever rest secure,

Till Christ shall come again.

O Paradise! O Paradise!

'Tis weary waiting here;

I long to be where Jesus is,

To feel, to see Him near:

Where faithful hearts and pure,

Released from sin and pain,

For ever dwell secure,

Till Christ shall come again.

O Paradise! O Paradise!

I long to sin no more;

I long to be as pure on earth

As those on thy bright shore;

Where faithful hearts and pure,

Released from sin and pain,

For ever dwell secure,

Till Christ shall come again.

MISSIONARY HYMNS.

I.

From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand,
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile!
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown;
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.

Can we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Can we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! O Salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learnt Messiah's Name.

Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole ;
Till o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign ! Amen.

II.

Word of Life, so pure and free,
All the nations wait for thee !
Onward speed ! till 'neath thy ray
Earth from darkness wakes to day.
Up ! all earth her harvest yields,
Widely wave the ripened fields ;
Small is still the reapers' band,
Full the sheaves in every land.
Lord of this wide harvest-soil,
Wake our hearts to needful toil !
May Thy Word's enlightening beam
Bright o'er every nation stream !
To the Eternal Three in One,
Father and Co-equal Son,
With the glorious Paraclete,
Praise eternal as is meet. Amen.

DEDICATION. JULY XVI. (1863).

MORNING.

- * PSALMS, lxxxiv. *Quam dilecta.*
cxxii. *Lætatus sum.*
cxxxii. *Memento Domine.*
- 1st LESSON, Gen. xxviii. 10—17.
- 2nd LESSON, Heb. x. 19—25.

COLLECT.

God, who honouredst the Feast of Dedication by the presence of thy beloved Son, who himself hath also promised to have his habitation with the sons of men and to dwell in the assembly of the saints ; bless thou the hallowing of this place unto thy worship in the Name of THE HOLY SPIRIT ; sanctify them that love the beauty of thy house and shew kindness unto the offices thereof ; receive the prayers of all thy children who now or ever enter here to call upon thy Name ; and grant that we with them may be very temples undefiled of the Holy Ghost ; through Jesus Christ our Lord, who liveth and reigneth with Thee in the unity of the same Spirit, one God world without end.

Blessed City, Heavenly Salem,
Peaceful vision dim-described ;
Built of living stones elected,
Built for ever to abide ;
Angel-circled, as the Virgins
For the Bridegroom deck the Bride.

* From Consecration Service.

Newly bright from heaven descending,
Robed in bridal raiment meet,
Ready for the heavenly marriage
Forth she comes her Lord to greet;
Glorious shine her golden bulwarks,
Shines the golden-paved street.

Radiant gleam her pearly portals,
Widely flung each ample door,
Where in marriage-garments glistening
They are entering evermore,
Who the bitter Cross embracing
Christ's reproach in this world bore.

Stern the strokes, the dint was heavy,
Keen the graving of His hand,
Ere each finished stone was planted
As the Master-BUILDER planned.
Beauteous, changeless, through all ages
In the House of God to stand.

To the everlasting Father
And the Son who reigns on high
With the Holy Ghost proceeding
Forth from Each eternally,
Honour, glory, virtue, blessing,
Praise and might and majesty. Amen.

EVENING.

PSALMS, xxiv. *Domini est terra.*

cxv. *Non nobis Domine.*

1st LESSON, 2 Chron. v. 11—14.

COLLECT, "God, who honouredst," &c. p. 180.

Deeply laid, a sure Foundation,
Christ the Anointed Corner-stone,
Reaching on to every nation,
Binding both the walls in one;
Sion's joy and strong salvation,
Makes the faithful all His own.

All her halls a royal priesthood
Fills with music gloriously,
Praise of God from saintly voices
Ringing out melodiously,
Heralding with endless joyance
God the One in Persons Three.

Visit, Lord, the earthly temple
Where Thy Presence we implore ;
Here receive the rising incense
From the hearts that Thee adore ;
Sprinkle here Thy Benedictions,
Dews of healing evermore.

Mete Thou here the promised measure,
Running o'er and closely prest,
Foretaste of the eternal pleasure
By the saints in light possess;
There our heart is, there our treasure,
Paradise and Home and Rest.

To the everlasting Father,
And the Son who reigns on high,
With the Holy Ghost proceeding
Forth from Each eternally,
Honour, glory, virtue, blessing,
Praise and might and majesty. Amen.

FIRST DAY OF TERM, AND MORNING
OF THE FIRST SUNDAY.

Lord, behold us with Thy blessing,
Once again assembled here ;
Onward be our footsteps pressing
In Thy love, and faith, and fear :
Still protect us
By Thy Presence ever near !

For Thy mercy we adore Thee,
For this rest upon our way :
Lord, again we bow before Thee,
Speed our labours day by day :
Mind and spirit
With Thy choicest gifts array.

Keep the spell of home-affection .
Still alive in every heart ;
May its power with mild correction
Draw our love from self apart ;
Till Thy children
Feel that Thou their Father art.

Break temptation's fatal power,
Shielding all with guardian care,
Safe in every careless hour,
Safe from sloth, and sensual snare :
Thou, our Saviour,
Still our failing strength repair! Amen.

EVENING OF THE LAST SUNDAY,
AND LAST DAY OF TERM.

Lord, dismiss us with Thy blessing ;

Thanks for mercies past receive ;

Pardon all, their faults confessing ;

Time that's lost may all retrieve !

May Thy children

Ne'er again Thy Spirit grieve !

Bless Thou all our days of leisure ;

Help us selfish lures to flee ;

Sanctify our every pleasure,

Pure and blameless may it be :

May our gladness

Draw us evermore to Thee !

By Thy kindly influence cherish

All the good we here have gained ;

May all taint of evil perish,

By Thy mightier power restrained :

Seek we ever

Knowledge pure and love unfeigned !

Let Thy Father-hand be shielding

All who here shall meet no more ;

May their seed-time past be yielding

Year by year a richer store !

Those returning

Make more faithful than before ! Amen.

COLLECT OF THE FOUNDATION.

*To be said after the Third Collect of Morning
and Evening Prayer.*

We give Thee humble and hearty thanks, O most merciful Father, for the Memory and Good Example of ARTHUR DUKE OF WELLINGTON, and for all our Governors and Benefactors, by whose benefit this whole College is brought up to godliness and good learning: And we beseech Thee to give us grace to use these Thy blessings to the glory of Thy Holy Name, that we may answer the good intent of our religious Founders, and become profitable members of the Church and commonwealth, and at last be partakers of the immortal glory of the Resurrection, through our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ. Amen.

COMMEMORATION OF THE
DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

BIRTHDAY, *First of May, A.D. 1769.*

DEATH, *Fourteenth of September, A.D. 1852.*

PUBLIC FUNERAL, *Eighteenth of November, A.D.
1852.*

First shall be said, all kneeling,

The Lord's Prayer, "Our Father," &c.

O Lord, open Thou our lips.

Answer. And our mouth shall shew forth
Thy praise.

Priest. O God, make speed to save us.

Answer. O Lord, make haste to help us.

Here all standing up, the Priest shall say,

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son: and
to the Holy Ghost;

Answer. As it was in the beginning, is now,
and ever shall be: world without end. Amen.

And after, these three Psalms,

Psalm cxlv. *Exaltabo te, Deus.*

Psalm cxlvi. *Lauda, anima mea.*

Psalm cxlvii. *Laudate Dominum.*

Then shall be read the Lesson,

MAY 1.—————Judges, v.

SEP. 14, NOV. 18.—Ecclus, xliv. to v. 16.

*Then shall follow the SERMON,
and afterwards this Anthem on the First of May.*

O give thanks unto the Lord. The righteous shall be had in everlasting remembrance, and the just as the brightness of the firmament. Blessed be the Lord God of Israel, for everlasting, and let all the people say Amen.

Or this, on the Fourteenth of September and Eighteenth of November.

Blessed for ever are they that die trusting in God. Yea, blessed for ever are they that die in the Lord. From henceforth they rest from their labours. For them that sleep in Jesus God will bring with Him. Blessed, yea blessed are they that sleep in Jesus. They rest from their labours for evermore.

And then that which followeth, all standing.

Minister. The memory of the righteous shall remain for evermore.

Answer. And shall not be afraid of any evil report.

Minister. The souls of the righteous are in the hand of God.

Answer. Neither shall any grief hurt them.

Minister. The Lord be with you.

Answer. And with thy spirit.

Minister. Let us pray.

O Lord God, the Resurrection and the Life of them that believe; who art always to be praised as well in the living as the departed; we give Thee thanks for the Memory and Good Example of ARTHUR DUKE OF WELLINGTON, for our FOUNDERS, and all other our BENEFAC-TORS, by whose benefits we are here brought up to godliness and good learning; and we beseech Thee that we, well using to Thy glory these their gifts, may, with all the dead in Christ, be brought unto the immortal glory of the Resurrection, through Christ our Lord.
Amen.

The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the fellowship of the Holy Ghost, be with us all evermore. *Amen.*

BEFORE THE COMMUNION.

ADVENT.

Drop down, ye heavens, from above, and let the skies pour down righteousness ; let the earth open, and let them bring forth salvation.—*Is. xlv. 8.*

The heavens declare the glory of God : and the firmament showeth His handy work.—*Ps. xix. 1.*

Glory be to the Father.

CHRISTMAS, UNTIL EPIPHANY.

Unto us a Child is born, unto us a Son is given ; and the government shall be upon His shoulder : and His Name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace.—*Is. ix. 6.*

O sing unto the Lord a new song : for He hath done marvellous things.—*Ps. xcvi. 1.*

Glory be to the Father.

EPIPHANY, AND EIGHT DAYS AFTER.

Behold the Lord, the Ruler is come ; and dominion, power, and empire are in His hand.

Give the king Thy judgments, O God : and Thy righteousness unto the king's son.—*Ps. lxxii. 1.*

Glory be to the Father.

SUNDAYS AFTER EPIPHANY.

I will go unto the altar of God, &c. p. 204.

FROM SEPTUAGESIMA TO PASSION
SUNDAY.

The sorrows of death compassed me: and the overflowings of ungodliness made me afraid.

The pains of hell came about me: the snares of death overtook me.

In my trouble I will call upon the Lord: and complain unto my God.


So shall He hear my voice out of His holy temple: and my complaint shall come before Him, it shall enter even into His ears.—*Ps. xviii.* 3—6.

I will love Thee, O Lord, my strength; the Lord is my stony rock, and my defence: my Saviour, my God, and my might, in Whom I will trust, my buckler, the horn also of my salvation, and my refuge.—*Ps. xviii.* 1.

Glory be to the Father.

FROM PASSION SUNDAY TO EASTER.

Our Lord Jesus Christ humbled Himself, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the Cross. Wherefore God hath highly exalted Him, and given Him a Name which is above every name.—*Phil. ii.* 8, 9.



My song shall be alway of the loving-kindness of the Lord: with my mouth will I ever be showing Thy truth from one generation to another.—*Ps. lxxxix.* 1.

EASTER DAY.

I wake up and am present with Thee. Alleluia.
Thou hast laid Thine hand upon me. Alleluia.
Thy knowledge is become wonderful. Alleluia,
Alleluia.—*Ps. cxxxix.* 18, 4, 5.

O Lord, Thou hast searched me out, and known me: Thou knowest my down-sitting, and mine up-rising.—*Ps. cxxxix.* 1.

Glory be to the Father.

MONDAY AND TUESDAY IN EASTER WEEK.

The Lord hath brought thee into the land flowing with milk and honey. Alleluia. That the Lord's law may be in thy mouth. Alleluia, Alleluia.—*Ex. xiii.* 5, 8.

O give thanks unto the Lord, and call upon His Name: tell the people what things He hath done.—*Ps. cv.* 1.

Glory be to the Father.

SUNDAYS AFTER EASTER.

Christ our Passover is sacrificed for us : Alleluia : therefore let us keep the feast with the unleavened bread of sincerity and truth. Alleluia. Alleluia.—1 *Cor. v. 7, 8.*

This is the day which the Lord hath made: we will rejoice, and be glad in it.—*Ps. cxviii. 24.*

Glory be to the Father.

ASCENSION DAY.

God is gone up with a merry noise; and the Lord with the sound of the trumpet. Alleluia.—*Ps. xlvii. 5.*

Thou art gone up on high : Thou hast led captivity captive.—*Ps. lxxviii. 18.*

Glory be to the Father.

OR THIS, AND FOR EIGHT DAYS AFTER.

Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye gazing up into heaven ? This same Jesus, which is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come in like manner, as ye have seen Him go into heaven. Alleluia.—*Acts i. 11.*

O clap your hands together, all ye people: O sing unto God with the voice of melody.—*Ps. xlvii. 1.*

Glory be to the Father.

WHIT-SUNDAY, AND UNTIL TRINITY
SUNDAY.

The Spirit of the Lord filleth the world :
and that which containeth all things hath know-
ledge of the voice. Alleluia. Alleluia. Alle-
luia.—*Wisd. i. 7.*

Let God arise, and let His enemies be scat-
tered : let them also that hate Him flee before
Him.—*Ps. lxxviii. 1.*

Glory be to the Father.

TRINITY SUNDAY.

Blessed be the Holy Trinity, and the undivided
Unity : we will give glory to Him, because He
hath shown His mercy upon us.

O Lord, our Governor : how excellent is Thy
Name in all the world.—*Ps. viii. 1.*

Glory be to the Father.

SUNDAYS AFTER TRINITY.

Except in July and October.

I will go unto the altar of God, even the God
of my joy and gladness.—*Ps. xliii. 4.*

Give sentence with me, O God, and defend my
cause against the ungodly people : O deliver me
from the deceitful and wicked man.

For Thou art the God of my strength, why hast Thou put me from Thee : and why go I so heavily, while the enemy oppresseth me ?

O send out Thy light and Thy truth, that they may lead me : and bring me unto Thy holy hill, and to Thy dwelling.

And that I may go unto the altar of God, even unto the God of my joy and gladness : and upon the harp will I give thanks unto Thee, O God, my God.

Why art thou so heavy, O my soul : and why art thou so disquieted within me ?

O put thy trust in God : for I will yet give Him thanks, which is the help of my countenance and my God.—*Ps. xliii.*

Glory be to the Father.

SUNDAYS IN JULY.

God in His holy habitation, He is the God that maketh men to be of one mind in an house : He will give strength and power unto His people.—*Ps. lxxviii.*

Let God arise, and let His enemies be scattered ; let them also that hate Him flee before Him.

Glory be to the Father.

SUNDAYS IN OCTOBER.

I am the salvation of my people, saith the Lord: out of whatsoever tribulation they shall call Me, I will hearken unto them: and I will be their God for ever.

Hear my law, O my people: incline your ears unto the words of my mouth.—*Ps. lxxviii. 1.*

Glory be to the Father.

APOSTLES.

Thou shalt make them princes over all the earth: they shall remember Thy Name, O Lord.

Instead of thy fathers, thou shalt have children, whom thou mayest make princes in all lands.—*Ps. xlv.*

Glory be to the Father.

PURIFICATION.

We wait for Thy loving-kindness, O God: in the midst of Thy temple.

O God, according to Thy Name, so is Thy praise unto the world's end: Thy right Hand is full of righteousness.—*Ps. xlviii. 8, 9.*

Great is the Lord, and highly to be praised: in the city of our God, even upon His holy hill.—*Ps. xlviii. 1.*

Glory be to the Father.

ANNUNCIATION.

Drop down, ye heavens, from above, and let the skies pour down righteousness; let the earth open, and let them bring forth salvation.—*Is. xlv. 8.*

Lord, Thou art become gracious unto Thy land: Thou hast turned away the captivity of Jacob.—*Ps. lxxxv. 1.*

Glory be to the Father.

SAINT JOHN BAPTIST.

The Lord hath called me from the womb: from the bowels of my mother hath He made mention of my name. And He hath made my mouth like a sharp sword, in the shadow of His Hand hath He hid me, and made me a polished shaft.—*Is. xlix. 1.*

O Lord, Thou hast searched me out and known me: Thou knowest my down-sitting and mine up-rising.—*Ps. cxxxix. 1.*

Glory be to the Father.

S. MICHAEL AND ALL ANGELS.

O praise the Lord, all ye His Angels, ye that excel in strength, ye that fulfil His Command-

ment, and hearken to the voice of His Word.—*Ps. ciii. 20.*

Praise the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me praise His holy Name.—*Ps. ciii. 1.*

Glory be to the Father.

ALL SAINTS.

Let us all rejoice in the Lord, celebrating a festival-day in honour of all the Saints, at whose solemnity the Angels rejoice, and give praise to the Son of God.

Rejoice in the Lord, O ye righteous: for it becometh well the just to be thankful.—*Ps. xxxiii.*

Glory be to the Father.

DEDICATION.

How dreadful is this place! this is none other but the house of God, and this is the gate of Heaven.—*Gen. xxviii.*

O how amiable are Thy dwellings: Thou Lord of hosts.

My soul hath a desire and longing to enter into the courts of the Lord: my heart and my flesh rejoice in the living God.—*Ps. lxxxiv. 1, 2.*

Glory be to the Father.

P S A L M S

Which may be used in place of the above Introits.

1st in ADVENT . . .	Beatus vir	1
2nd in Advent . . .	Ad Dominum . . .	120
3rd in Advent . . .	Cum invocarem . . .	4
4th in Advent . . .	Verba mea auribus . .	5
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4th aft. Epiphany . .	Quare fremuerunt gentes	2
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6th aft. Epiphany . .	Exaudiat te Dominus.	20

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6th after Trinity .	Et veniat super me . .	119 41
7th after Trinity .	Memor esto	119 49
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APPENDIX.

MONDAY.

EVENING.

In Winter.

1. The day Thou gavest, Lord, is ended,
The darkness falls at Thy behest ;
To Thee our morning hymn ascended,
Thy praise shall hallow now our rest.
2. We thank Thee that Thy Church unsleeping,
While earth rolls onward into light,
Through all the world her watch is keeping
And rests not now by day or night.
3. As o'er each continent and island
The dawn leads on another day,
The voice of prayer is never silent
Nor dies the strain of praise away.
4. The sun that bids us rest is waking
Our brethren 'neath the western sky,
And hour by hour fresh lips are making
Thy wondrous acts be heard on high.
5. So be it, Lord ; Thy throne shall never,
Like earth's proud empires, pass away ;
But stand and rule and grow for ever
Till all Thy creatures own Thy sway.
6. To God The Father lauds unending,
Lauds to The Son and Spirit blest
Be still from age to age ascending
And still from world to world address. Amen.

WEDNESDAY.

EVENING.

In Winter.

The day is done ; its hours have run ;
 Thou, Lord, hast taken count of all,
 The scanty triumph grace hath won,
 The broken vow, the frequent fall.
 Through life's long day and death's dark night,
 O Holy Jesu, be our light.

And grant us, Lord, from evil ways
 True absolution and release ;
 And bless us more than in past days
 With purity and inward peace.
 Through life's long day and death's dark night,
 O Holy Jesu, be our light.

Thou sweetenest toil, for Thou hast toiled,
 Thou lightenest care, for Thou hast cared ;
 Let not our walks with self be soiled
 Nor in unsimple ways ensnared.
 Through life's long day and death's dark night,
 O Holy Jesu, be our light.

For all we love, the poor, the sad,
 The sinful, unto Thee we call ;
 O let Thy mercy make us glad ;
 Thou art our Saviour and our all.
 Through life's long day and death's dark night,
 O Gentle Jesu, be our light. Amen.

THURSDAY.

MORNING.

In Winter.

1. Most glorious Lord of Life, that on this day
 Didst make Thy triumph over death and sin ;
 And having harrowed hell, didst bring away
 Captivity thence captive, us to win :

2. This joyous day, dear Lord, with joy begin;
 And grant that we, for whom Thou wouldest die,
 Being with Thy dear Blood clean washed from sin,
 May live for ever in felicity! Amen.

QUINQUAGESIMA SUNDAY.

MORNING.

Gracious Spirit, Holy Ghost,
 Taught by Thee, we covet most
 Of Thy gifts at Pentecost,
 Holy, heavenly Love.

Faith that mountains could remove,
 Tongues of earth or heaven above,
 Knowledge—all things—empty prove,
 Without heavenly Love.

Though I as a Martyr bleed,
 Give my goods the poor to feed,
 All is vain if love I need;
 Therefore, Give me Love.

Love is kind and suffers long,
 Love is meek, and thinks no wrong,
 Love than death itself more strong;
 Therefore, Give us Love.

Prophecy will fade away,
 Melting in the light of day;
 Love will ever with us stay;
 Therefore, Give us Love.

Faith will vanish into sight;
 Hope be emptied in delight;
 Love in Heaven will shine more bright;
 Therefore, Give us Love.

Faith and Hope and Love we see
 Joining hand in hand agree;
 But the greatest of the three,
 And the best is Love.

From the over-shadowing
Of Thy gold and silver wing,
Shed on us who to Thee sing
Holy, heavenly Love. Amen.

LENT, UNTIL PASSION SUNDAY.

SUNDAY *and* TUESDAY.

MORNING, "Have mercy Lord on me," p. 63.

EVENING, "Saviour when in dust to Thee," p. 65.

MONDAY,

MORNING, "Let all our tongues be one," p. 137.

EVENING, "Thou, Great Creator, art possessed,"
p. 56.

TUESDAY.

MORNING *and* EVENING *as* Sunday.

WEDNESDAY *and* SATURDAY.

MORNING, "Come, Holy Ghost, Eternal God," verses
1, 2, 3, 7, 8, 12, p. 95.

EVENING, "In the hour of trial," Append. p. 5.

THURSDAY.

MORNING, "Praise to the Holiest. . . . Woe to
thee," Append. p. 6.

EVENING, "Praise to the Holiest. . . . O loving
wisdom," Append. p. 7.

FRIDAY.

MORNING, "By the Cross sad vigil keeping," p. 75.

EVENING, "When I survey the wondrous Cross,"
p. 132.

SATURDAY.

MORNING *and* EVENING *as* Wednesday.

WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY.

EVENING.

In Lent.

In the hour of trial,
 Jesu, pray for me ;
 Lest by base denial
 I depart from Thee.
 When Thou seest me waver,
 With a look recall,
 Nor, for fear or favour,
 Suffer me to fall.

With its witching pleasures
 Would this vain world charm.
 Or its sordid treasures
 Spread to work me harm ;
 Bring to my remembrance
 Sad Gethsemane,
 Or, in darker semblance,
 Cross-crowned Calvary.

If with sore affliction
 Thou in love chastise,
 Pour Thy benediction
 On the sacrifice :
 Then upon Thine altar
 Freely offered up,
 Though the flesh may falter,
 Faith shall drink the cup.

When in dust and ashes
 To the grave I sink,
 While heaven's glory flashes
 O'er the shelving brink,
 On Thy truth relying
 Through that mortal strife,
 Lord, receive me dying,
 To eternal life. Amen.

THURSDAY.

MORNING.

Praise to the Holiest in the height,
And in the depth be praise :
In all His words most wonderful,
Most sure in all His ways !

Woe to thee, man ! for man was found
A recreant in the fight ;
And lost his heritage of heaven
And fellowship with light.

Yet to the younger race there rose
A hope upon its fall ;
And slowly, surely, gracefully,
The morning dawned on all.

And quickened by the Almighty's breath,
And chastened by His rod,
And taught by angel-visitations,
Man sought at length his God.

And ages opening out divide
The precious and the base,
And from the hard and sullen mass
Mature the heirs of grace.

And evermore the quickening ray,
Lit from his second birth,
Makes him at length what once he was,
And heaven grows out of earth.

To Thee, O Jesu, Prince of Life,
All thanks and glory be,
With Father, Spirit, Three in One,
To all eternity. Amen.

THURSDAY.

EVENING.

Praise to the Holiest in the height,
And in the depth be praise :
In all His words most wonderful,
Most sure in all His ways !

O loving wisdom of our God !
When all was sin and shame,
A second Adam to the fight
And to the rescue came.

O wisest love ! that flesh and blood
Which did in Adam fail,
Should strive afresh against the foe,
Should strive and should prevail ;

And that a higher gift than grace
Should flesh and blood refine,
God's Presence and His very Self
And Essence all divine.

O generous love ! that He who smote
In man for man the foe
The double agony in man
For man should undergo ;

And in the garden secretly,
And on the cross so high,
Should teach His brethren and inspire
To suffer and to die.

To Thee, O Jesu, Prince of Life,
All thanks and glory be,
With Father, Spirit, Three in One,
To all eternity. Amen.

EVENING BEFORE PASSION SUNDAY, *and* SUNDAY WEDNESDAY *and* FRIDAY EVENINGS *until Thursday before Easter.* "The Royal Banners forward go," p. 66.

OTHER EVENINGS, *after Passion Sunday until Thursday before Easter.*

Jesu! who saw'st on one sad night
Thine own, Thy chosen, take their flight,
And leave their Lord by stealth.
Oh! may we learn in grief and care
Those harder trials still to bear,
Prosperity and wealth.

Jesu! who meekly silent stood
Before the accusing multitude,
Do Thou my tongue control;
Set on my busy lips Thy seal
Of silence, which can often heal
The sickness of the soul.

Jesu! Whom Peter then denied,
Thou with one gentle look didst chide
The weak disciple's fears;
If ever I deny Thy Name,
Thy Cross, O send me speedy shame,
Give me repentant tears.

Jesu! with crown of ruddy thorn
Thy foes Thy tortured brow adorn,
And scornful hail Thee King;
May I, O Lord! with heart sincere,
My humble zeal, my love, my fear,
And real homage bring.

Jesu! what direst agony
Was Thine upon the bitter tree,
With healing virtues rife!
O may I count all things but loss,
All for the glory of the Cross,
The sinner's tree of life. Amen.

THURSDAY BEFORE EASTER.

EVENING.

Deep waters have come in, O Lord,
 All darkly on Thy human soul;
 And clouds of supernatural gloom
 Around Thee are allowed to roll.

Sin and the Father's anger! They
 Have made Thy lower nature faint;
 All, save the Love within Thy heart,
 Seemed for the moment to be spent.

My God! my God! and can it be
 That I should sin so lightly now,
 And think no more of evil thoughts
 Than of the wind that waves the bough?

Will it be alway thus, O Lord?
 Wilt thou not work this hour in me
 The grace Thy Passion merited,
 Hatred of self and love of Thee?

Ever when tempted, make me see,
 Beneath the olive's moon-pierced shade,
 My God, alone, outstretched, and bruised,
 And bleeding on the earth He made. Amen.

GOOD FRIDAY.

MORNING.

O come and let us mourn awhile,
 O come we to the Saviour's side;
 O come, together let us mourn,
 Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

Have we no hearts to grieve for Him,
 While soldiers scoff and Jews deride?
 Ah, look how patiently He hangs;
 Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

Seven times He spake, seven words of love,
 And all three hours His silence cried
 For mercy on the souls of men ;
 Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

O Love of God ! Oh sin of man !
 In this dread act your strength is tried ;
 And victory remains with Love,
 For Love Himself is crucified.

THIRD SUNDAY AFTER EASTER.

EVENING and through the week.

Jesus lives ! No longer now
 Can thy terrors, Death, appal us ;
 Jesus lives ! By this we know,
 Thou, O Graye, canst not enthrall us.
 Alleluia !

Jesus lives ! henceforth is death
 But the gate of Life Immortal ;
 This shall calm our trembling breath,
 When we pass its gloomy portal.
 Alleluia !

Jesus lives ! for us He died :
 Then, alone to Jesus living,
 Pure in heart may we abide,
 Glory to our Saviour giving.
 Alleluia !

Jesus lives ! our hearts know well
 Nought from us His love shall sever ;
 Life, nor death, nor powers of Hell,
 Tear us from His keeping ever.
 Alleluia !

Jesus lives ! to Him the Throne
 Over all the world is given :
 May we go where He is gone,
 Rest and reign with Him in Heaven.
 Alleluia ! Amen

FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER EASTER.

EVENING and through the week.

As even the lifeless stone was dear
 For thoughts of Him who late lay there,
 So the base world, now Christ has died,
 Ennobled is and glorified.

'Tis now a place where angels use
 To come and go with heavenly news,
 And in the ears of mourners say,
 "Come, see the place where Jesus lay."

'Tis now a fane where love can find
 Christ everywhere embalmed and shrined;
 Aye gathering up memorials sweet
 Where'er she sets her duteous feet. Amen.

TWELFTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

EVENING.

O thou not made with hands,
 Not throned above the skies,
 Nor walled with shining walls,
 Nor framed with stones of price;
 More bright than gold or gem,
 God's own Jerusalem!

Where'er the gentle heart
 Finds courage from above,
 Where'er the heart forsook
 Warms with the breath of love;
 Where faith bids fear depart,
 City of God! thou art.

Thou art where'er the proud
 In humbleness melts down;
 Where self itself yields up;
 Where martyrs win their crown;
 Where faithful souls possess
 Themselves in perfect peace.

Where in life's common ways
 With cheerful feet we go ;
 When in His steps we tread,
 Who trod the way of woe ;
 Where He is in the heart,
 City of God ! thou art.

Not throned above the skies,
 Nor golden-walled afar ;
 But where Christ's two or three
 In His name gathered are,
 Be in the midst of them,
 God's own Jerusalem !

SEVENTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

EVENING.

Thousands within Thy courts have met,
 Thousands this day before Thee bowed,
 Their faces Sionward were set,
 Their lips Thy saving Name avowed.

People of every tribe and tongue,
 Of different churches, climates, lands,
 Have heard Thy truth, Thy praise have sung,
 And offered prayer with holy hands.

And not a prayer, a tear, a sigh,
 Hath failed this day Thine ear to gain ;
 To those in trouble Thou wert nigh ;
 Not one hath sought Thy face in vain.

Thy poor have all been freely fed,
 Thy chastened sons have kissed the rod,
 The mourners have been comforted,
 The pure in heart have seen their God.

Yet one prayer more : and be it one
 In which both heaven and earth accord :
 Fulfil Thy promise to Thy Son ;
 Let all who breathe call Jesus Lord.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 The God whom heaven and earth adore,
 From men and from the angel-host
 Be praise and glory evermore. Amen.

ST. PETER'S DAY.

EVENING BEFORE.

O Rock of Ages, One Foundation,
 On which the living Church doth rest,—
 The Church whose walls are strong salvation,
 Whose gates are praise,—Thy name be blest!

Son of the living God! Oh! call us
 Once and again to follow Thee;
 And give us strength, whate'er befall us,
 Thy true Disciples still to be.

When fears appal, and faith is failing,
 Make Thy voice heard o'er wind and wave,
 "Why doubt?"—and in Thy love prevailing
 Put forth Thine hand to help and save.

And if our coward hearts deny Thee,
 In inmost thought, in deed, or word,
 Let not our hardness still defy Thee,
 But with a look subdue us, Lord.

Oh! strengthen Thou our weak endeavour
 Thee in Thy sheep to serve and tend,
 To give ourselves to Thee for ever,
 And find Thee with us to the end. Amen.

EMBER DAYS AND ORDINATION.

IV.

Pour out Thy Spirit from on high;
 Lord, Thine assembled people bless;
 Graces and gifts to each supply,
 And clothe Thy priests with righteousness.

Within Thy temple when they stand,
 To teach the truth, as taught by Thee,
 Saviour, like stars in Thy right hand
 Let all Thy Church's pastors be.

Wisdom and zeal and faith impart,
 Firmness and meekness from above,
 To bear Thy people in their heart,
 And love the souls whom Thou dost love;

To watch and pray and never faint;
 By day and night their guard to keep;
 To warn the sinner, form the saint,
 To feed Thy lambs, and tend Thy sheep.

So, when their work is finished here,
 May they in hope their charge resign;
 So, when their Master shall appear,
 May they with crowns of glory shine. Amen.

THE EVANGELISTS.

EVENING.

From hidden source arising,
 A mighty river ran,
 Through Eden's pleasant garden,
 Where God created man.

Thence, parted into branches,
 In four great streams it rolled,
 To water fields and vineyards,
 To wash down sands of gold.

And so, from highest heaven,
 The Lord, the Holy Dove,
 In fourfold manner sends us
 The tale of Jesus' love;

The tale whose words are golden,
 The tale whose flood divine
 Makes glad the Lord's own garden
 With plenteous corn and wine.

Four are the sacred voices,
 The story is but one;
 In fourfold wise they praise Him,
 The Sole-Begotten Son.

For this Thy fourfold Gospel,
 All thanks, O Lord, to Thee,
 In it Thyself revealing,
 Eternal Trinity! Amen.

HOLY COMMUNION.

IV.

1. Come, Holy Ghost, Thine influence shed,
 And realize the sign;
 Thy Life infuse into the Bread,
 Thy power into the Wine.
2. Effectual let the tokens prove,
 And made by heavenly art
 Fit channels to convey Thy love
 To every faithful heart.

VII.

Ye royal priests of Jesus rise,
 And join the Daily Sacrifice;
 Join all believers in His Name
 To offer up the spotless Lamb.

Whate'er we cast on Him alone
 Is with His great Oblation one;
 His Sacrifice doth ours sustain,
 And favour and acceptance gain.

On Him who all our burdens bears,
 We cast our praises and our prayers;
 Ourselves we offer up to God,
 Implunged in His atoning Blood.

Mean are our noblest offerings,
 Poor, feeble, unsubstantial things ;
 But when to Him our souls we lift,
 The Altar sanctifies the gift.

Mix'd with the sacred smoke we rise,
 The smoke of His Burnt-Sacrifice,
 By the Eternal Spirit driven
 From earth, in Christ, we mount to heaven.

VIII.

Who Thy mysterious Supper share,
 Here at Thy Table fed,
 Many, and yet but one we are,
 One undivided Bread.

One with the Living Bread Divine,
 Which now by faith we eat ;
 Our hearts, and minds, and spirits join,
 And all in Jesus meet.

So dear the tie where souls agree
 In Jesu's dying love :
 Then only can it closer be,
 When all are joined above.

CONFIRMATION.

Behold us, Lord, before Thee met,
 Whom each bright Angel serves and fears,
 Who on Thy throne rememberest yet
 Thy spotless boyhood's quiet years,
 Whose feet the hills of Nazareth trod,
 Who art true Man and perfect God.

To Thee we look, in Thee confide,
 Our help is in Thine own dear Name ;
 For who on Jesus e'er relied,
 And found not Jesus still the same ?
 Thus far Thy love our souls hath brought,
 O 'stablish well what Thou hast wrought !

From Thee was our baptismal grace ;
 The holy seed by Thee was sown ;
 And now before our Father's face
 We make the three great vows our own,
 And ask, in Thine appointed way,
 Confirm us in Thy grace to-day.

We need Thee more than tongue can speak,
 'Mid foes that well might cast us down ;
 But thousands, once as young and weak,
 Have fought the fight and won the crown.
 We ask the help that bore them through ;
 We trust the Faithful and the True.

So bless us with the gift complete,
 By hands of Thy chief pastors given,
 That awful Presence, kind and sweet,
 Which comes in sevenfold might from heaven.
 Eternal Christ, to Thee we bow :
 Give us Thy Spirt, here and now. Amen.

CHARITABLE COLLECTIONS.

O Lord of heaven, and earth, and sea,
 To Thee all praise and glory be ;
 How shall we show our love to Thee,
 Giver of all ?

The golden sunshine, vernal air,
 Sweet flowers and fruits Thy love declare,
 Where harvests ripen, Thou art there,
 Giver of all !

For peaceful homes and healthful days,
 For all the blessings earth displays,
 We owe Thee thankfulness and praise,
 Giver of all !

Thou didst not spare Thine only Son,
 But gav'st Him for a world undone,
 And e'en that gift Thou dost outrun,
 And give us all.

Thou giv'st the Spirit's blessed dower,
 Spirit of life, and love, and power,
 And dost His sevenfold graces shower
 Upon us all.

For souls redeem'd, for sins forgiven,
 For means of grace and hopes of heaven,
 What can to Thee, O Lord, be given,
 Who givest all?

We lose what on ourselves we spend,
 We have as treasure without end
 Whatever, Lord, to Thee we lend,
 Who givest all.

Whatever, Lord, we lend to Thee,
 Repaid a thousandfold will be;
 Then gladly will we give to Thee,
 Giver of all;

To Thee, from whom we all derive
 Our life, our gifts, our power to give;
 O may we ever with Thee live,
 Giver of all. Amen.

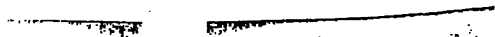
SUNDAY NEXT BEFORE ADVENT.

Introit.

I know the thoughts I think towards you, saith the Lord, thoughts of peace and not of evil, to give you an expected end: ye shall call upon Me, and I will hearken unto you: and I will be found of you, and I will turn away your captivity from all places.

Lord, Thou art become gracious unto Thy land: Thou hast turned away the captivity of Jacob.

Glory be to the Father.



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